The Orchestra

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

No. 74, VOL. III. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865. (Stamped) 4d. (Unstamped) 3d.

NOTICE.—"THE ORCHESTRA" is published, for the Proprietors, every FRIDAY at TWO O'CLOCK, by ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C.

NOTICE.—TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—All ADVERTISEMENTS for "THE ORCHESTRA" must be sent not later that 4 o'clock on THURSDAY, to

ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet-street, E.C. or to 55, King-street, Regent-street, W.

MISS KATE GORDON will play at the Grand Evening Concert at the Pimlico Rooms, on the 28th, and at Mr. Howard Glover's Grand Concert at Drury-lane Theatre, on March 1st. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 82, ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD, Warwick-square, Belgravia.

MDME. CZERNY will sing Signor Roberti's new Romanza, "La Farfalla," composed expressly for her, at the Grand Evening Concert in aid of the sufferers by the late fire at the Surrey Theatre, at the Pimlico Rooms, on February 28th.

MADAME ELWOOD ANDREA (Contralto) requests that all communications respecting engagements for Oratorios, and Public or Private Concerts, in town or country, or from Pupils, be addressed to 12, BEAUFOY TERRACE, MAIDA VALE, W.

MDLLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN begs to announce her return to town for the Season. Communications respecting Oratorio and Concert engagements in town and country to be addressed to her residence, 115, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, Bloomsbury.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—MISS ELLA STAUNTON will be happy to engage for the above in Town or Country. Dates already fixed are February 16th, and 17th, Dover. Application to be made to Miss ELLA STAUNTON, 2, St. Marks Grove, West Brompton, or to her agent, Mr. T. W. Edmunds, 2, York-street, Wellington-street, Strand.

MRS. MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes), CONTRALTO.—All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, to be addressed to 7, ADELPHI TERRACE, Strand.

MISS AUSTIN (Contralto). All Letters respecting engagements or Pupils to be addressed, care of Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

MADAME WINTER (PIANISTE), begs that all communications referring to Concert Engagements or to Pupils, may be addressed to her, 49, CARLTON ROAD, Maida Vale, or at Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street.

SIGNOR AMBONETTI (pupil of the Tenor Gambogi) begs to announce his return to town from his provincial tour for the season, and requests that all applications respecting engagements be addressed to 86, NEWMAN-STREET, Oxford-street, W.

Opinions of the Press.

"Given by Signor Ambonetti with excellent taste."—*Newcastle Times.*

"A very fine tenor with considerable power."—*Glasgow Mail.*

"A light tenor voice of sweet delicious quality, with that ease and delicacy peculiar to the Italian school."—*Birmingham Post.*

"An excellent tenor voice and a capital mode of using it."—*Birmingham News.*

"Sang with much taste by Signor Ambonetti."—*Dublin Mail.*

"Signor Ambonetti is a very fine tenor with considerable power."—*Glasgow Free Press.*

"The greatest tenor since Mario."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Rendered with great pathos, and vociferously applauded."—*Sheffield Times.*

MR. DAVID MIRANDA (primo tenore) will Sing the part of *Sir Hubert* in a new "Dramatic Cantata" at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, Feb. 28th. Mr. MIRANDA will also appear at the following Concerts:—March 1st, Drury Lane Theatre; March 6th, Maidstone; March 7th, Hastings.—All letters to be forwarded to his residence, 18, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C.

MR. FERDINAND BOOTH (Solo Violoncellist) requests that all engagements be addressed to his residence, 3, CHEPSTOW VILLAS, Florence House, Bayswater

MESSRS. BOOTH beg to inform Ladies and Gentlemen that they give Lessons on the Pianoforte, Violin, Violoncello, and Guitar. They also accept engagements for Matinées, Soirées, and Concerts. All communications may be addressed to their residence, FLORENCE HOUSE, 3, Chepstow-villas, Bayswater, W.

WILLIE PAPE, OF ALABAMA, who has been honoured by a command from H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, has returned to Town for the season.—Address, 9, SOHO SQUARE.

MR. JOHN RHODES gives Lessons as usual in town on Saturdays: Pianoforte, Singing, and Harmony. Address, Mr. JOHN RHODES, CROYDON, S.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—A NEW DRAMATIC CANTATA, entitled "CHRISTMAS EVE," the Words by Marmaduke E. Browne, Esq., the Music by Charles Deffell, will be performed, for the first time, on Tuesday, 28th February.

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Oh! not in fairy bow'rs,
Amid the young and gay—
Oh! not in festive hours,
'Midst pleasures' bright array;

But in the silent glade,
At even's witching time,
Beneath the beechen shade,
We'll meet at vesper chime.

When no intrusive ear
Can list my whisper'd vow,
Nor prying eye is near
To watch thy blushing brow.

And then we'll pledge our souls,
And Bacchus' self eclipse:
He quaffs from flowing bowls—
We'll pledge, love, with the lips!

R. M. S.

Miscellany.

MEYERBEER.

Our friend Mr. Ella sends us the following memorabilia of Meyerbeer, extracted from his *Record* for 1865. Our space does not permit us, by any means, to exhaust the interest of the compilation of incidents, anecdotes, and commentaries relating to the great composer, which is to be found in the pleasant pages from which we make our excerpts. A beutifully-executed lithographic portrait of Meyerbeer is included in the *Record* of the Musical Union.

During his first visit to London, 1832, to superintend the rehearsals of *Robert le Diable* (writes our friend Mr. Ella in his *Record* for 1864), I had the gratification of knowing Meyerbeer, and enjoyed the honour of his friendship until the close of his earthly career. The introduction of this masterwork of genius at the Italian Opera House, Haymarket, was anticipated with impatient curiosity by the musical public, since the mutilated and imperfect English versions previously heard at rehearsal at Covent Garden and Drury Lane had greatly prejudiced certain rabid patriots against the "monstrosities and fooleries of the French emasculation of a piece of German diablerie." (*Sic!*) To the great disappointment of the artists, the delay in producing *Robert* deprived them of the presence of the composer at its first performance. Availing themselves of the few hours that remained, after a rehearsal, previous to the departure of Meyerbeer for Berlin, an *impromptu* banquet was arranged by the band, to which Nourrit and Levasseur were invited. Alas! of those who presided at this entertainment of the illustrious Meyerbeer—Spagnoletti, Lindley, Nicholson, Willman, Anfossi, Dragonetti—one other, only, remains to interpret the works of the inspired Meyerbeer, and to perpetuate his glorious memory in England—Costa!

At the banquet mentioned, inspired by the presence of Meyerbeer, and animated by the good fellowship of the French musicians present, a bumper was drunk to the health of the foreign artists with an *entente cordiale* that called forth the following eloquent reply from the most accomplished dramatic singer that ever adorned the lyrical stage of France—Adolphe Nourrit:—"Gentlemen, I know not the word '*foreigner*'—the arts are one universal family; we are all brothers, and I drink to your healths in return with affection." After this, Meyerbeer took his farewell, moved to tears by the regrets expressed at his parting, and the artists, one and all, charmed with the unaffected sincerity and kindly feeling of his amiable character!

Another incident I remember associated with *Robert le Diable*. Being present, 1842, at its performance in Padua, I was surprised to hear expressions of discontent from persons near me in the pit. This continued during the exquisite dance-music of the Monastery Scene, until *the Taglioni* appeared, when, to my surprise, the discontent became more general! Upon inquiry, I was informed by one of the most violent of the malcontents that the engagement of the Taglioni had occasioned the prices of admission to be raised, which did not suit the convenience of the students of Padua.

Meyerbeer, who never enjoyed robust health, was forced, two years after the production of his third grand opera, *Le Prophète*, to suspend his labours, and seek retirement and the benefit of the mineral waters at Spa. Here, in the summer of 1852, I lived in the same hotel with him for some days, and enjoyed much of his society. His habits were simple and retired. He rose early, took the usual drinks at the fountain, and an hour's walk before breakfast. He then devoted most of his spare time to composition, occasionally giving audience to his acquaintances and intimate friends. Whilst the general visitors at Spa were seated at the *tables d'hôte*, Meyerbeer, his donkey, and his faithful guide, daily set out on an excursion, and in the solitude of the adjacent and picturesque woods, he jotted down in his note-book the inspirations of the moment, which often became the leading themes of his subsequent dramatic compositions.

During the evening promenade he was carefully well-wrapped up, walked fast, and, to avoid persons ever ready to exchange a few complimentary words with the illustrious composer, he purposely shunned the fashionable throng and selected the less frequented places, within hearing of the music. Discussing the excellence of the band, he observed, How admirably they modify their tone, and how perfectly they play in tune! Ah! this is the result of schools and good instruments—thanks to Fétis (the Director of the Belgian Conservatoire) and friend Sax, for his improvement and inventions of brass instruments." Before leaving *Spa*, Meyerbeer invited a circle of musicians to a tea-party *à l'Anglaise*. When the party was assembled, the maestro explained that, as his health did not allow him to entertain his guests at a dinner, he hoped they would be content to enjoy *thé à l'Anglaise*, which, said he—appealing to me—the English consider a social repast, and certainly it is not an unhealthy one. In addition to a bountiful supply of tea and coffee, the table groaned beneath the weight of preserves, fruit, cakes, sandwiches, German-sausages, and provisions enough to dine a dozen hungry sons of Apollo. Time passed pleasantly enough, and the party, including Fétis (father and son), De Glimes (singing master of Prince Albert at Brussels), and other artists of distinction, purposely broke up early, in consideration of the delicate health of the maestro. One of the persons present had the indiscretion to say, "Is it permitted to inquire, my dear maestro, what work you are now preparing, as report states, for the Opera Comique, Paris?" Meyerbeer gently rebuked the inquisitor, replying, "*Voyons, de la boutique nous ne parlerons pas.*"

These very words he also used to my inquiry about *L'Africaine*, when I last parted from him at the house in Paris, 1863, where he shortly after died. Lord and Lady Westmorland were his confidential correspondents; and within a week after quitting Spa, I was told at the embassy in Vienna, that Meyerbeer had communicated to the Countess of Westmorland the completion of *L'Etoile du Nord* for the Opera Comique. This news I mentioned to an English journalist, and it soon appeared in print. Every one was incredulous, unwilling to believe that Meyerbeer would be satisfied wight aught less than the scenery, costumes, and unlimited musical resources of the grand Opera. However, the success of this opera—a *rifacciamento* of the Camp of Silesia I never much cared for—was complete, and has been repeated more than four hundred times in Paris. Elsewhere on the Continent, and at the Royal Italian Opera, London, this opera has been given with great splendour and partial success; but in Paris *only*, at the Opera Comique, have I witnessed the tent scene and duet of the vivandieres thoroughly effective in acting and singing. In 1859, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, composed for the Opera Comique, an original work, exquisitely scored, and far superior to *L'Etoile du Nord*, was well sung; but less popular than its predecessor. "*Les artistes seuls, et quelques amateurs, comprennent les beautés semées à profusion dans cette délicieuse partition.*" In 1862, Meyerbeer's last orchestral composition known to the English public was produced at the International Exhibition, Kensington.

The following extract from Mr. Gruneisen's memoir gives a just appreciation of the artistic and social character of the composer:—

"Although Meyerbeer is richly endowed with the good things of this world, his life is devoted to his art. It is to him his business, his recreation. Of his unwearied activity, the number of works which he has produced afford ample proof; and the great improvement manifested in his last operas especially gives the clearest evidence of his unceasing endeavours to attain perfection. For this he is to be admired as an artist. He is, however, more to be prized as a man. The natural benevolence and mildness of his character; his agreeable and amiable behaviour to everybody; his modest and reasonable estimation of his own powers, which knows no pride of wealth or professional eminence, no jealousy of others; and which neither his celebrity, spread over the whole of Europe, nor the honours which have been bestowed upon him by the great ones of the earth, have been able to overthrow; his disinterestedness of mind, his scrupulous honesty; have long procured for him the esteem and affection of all who know him. And the personal virtues of this artist—as amiable as he is distinguished—must charm even those who envy him, his fortune, and his fame. In short, he is fully deserving of the estimation in which he is held as a distinguished composer, and of the esteem, which, as a man, is so universally felt for him."

* Meyerbeer is Member of the French Institute; Member of the Committee of Instruction at the Paris *Conservatoire*; Hon. Member of the Grétry Society at Liège; Member of several musical institutions in England, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany; Knight of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the South Star; of the French Legion of Honour; late Chapel Master to the King of Prussia, etc.

MELINGUE.

Following his eye, I saw one of the most peculiar and striking figures that my gaze had ever met in Paris. A tall man—extremely tall for France—with a heavy broad black hat slouched low over his forehead, and concealing, as he stooped in pressing forward, all of his face excepting a powerfully marked mouth, with a long, loose, all-engulphing cloak completely hiding his frame. As he drew nearer, beckoned by Maquet, other little oddities of his dress were revealed—light and delicate varnished leather slippers, although the weather was of the coldest, and a wild Byronic neck-tie and collar, gloves dainty enough to satisfy the most scrupulous *gaudin* of the rue Bréda. Altogether he was a much more picturesque object than one would expect to meet among such surroundings. He was the ideal of a brigand in broadcloth, and when he drew close to us, his keen sparkling eye, his long drooping hair, and a species of moroseness—which, however, peesently vanished in his general expression—so aided the effect of his wide hat and swelling cloak that he seemed an artificial creation of some bandit-loving Italian novelist rather than an actual being of every day life, ready to laugh at Kelm, smoke cigarettes and drink hot punch with us, or "grog Americain."*

While he was approaching, my companion asked me if I had yet seen him act, at the Porte St. Martin theatre. I told him I had not, at which he seemed surprised, until I reminded him that during all my previous visits, the Porte Saint Martin had been occupied with "féeriés" in which the celebrated comedian took no part.

Mélingue seated himself sombrely.

"I am going," said Maquet, "to present you an admirer."

Mélingue glared. Maquet laughed. "Mélingue detests admirers," he explained. "No, no, he has never seen you," (Mélingue became amiable) "but after all it is only an agony deferred. He will see you this week, in the '*Jeunesse des Mousquetaires.*'" (Mélingue grew visibly grim once more.)

The interview was very brief, and pleasant enough. Little was said about theatrical subjects, which those who knew the disinclination of this artist to vaunt his vocation will readily understand; but I happened accidentally to allude to a remarkable bronze statuette representing the spirit of antique tragedy, which I had recently bought, and which, "curiously enough," I said, in my simplicity, was modelled by an artist named Mélingue. Our comedian looked oddly at me, and Maquet laughed again. I did not discover the meaning of his mirth until a week later. But I was greatly interested in the man, and went the next night to see him in the "*Mousquetaires.*" I do not think the piece well suited to display his powers, as it is almost without dramatic purpose, and like quite a number of Maquet's adaptations—only aims to group together as many of the spirited incident of the novel as can be brought into a single evening's performance. Nevertheless Mélingue's representation of the character of *D'Artagnan* sparkled with a fire and an animation such as I had never seen approached even by Fechter, who ranks in the opinion of many as his equal on the French stage. I greatly regretted not having seen him in Paul Feval's "*Bossu*," the original of "*The Duke's Motto*," in which his reputation was very high. It would at least have been amusing to contrast it with some of the feeble American caricatures of the same part.

A few days later the bill was changed at the Porte St. Martin, and Paul Meurice's "*Benvenuto Cellini*" was announced. This is perhaps one of the finest specimens of the modern French drama. The story of "*Benvenuto Cellini*" includes most of the brief episodes of his life at the court of Francis I., especially illustrating his defiance of

* A most popular Parisian beverage, so called from its utter remoteness to any fabricated fluid ever known or dreamed of in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

the chafing social etiquettes of that period, his superb indifference to the malicious intrigues of Mdme. d'Etampes, his tender protection of his pupil Ascanio des Gaddi, and his touching self-forgetfulness and heart-sacrifice at the time of his protégé's great trial. The story is told by Benvenuto himself in his autobiography, and Paul Meurice, like Alexander Dumas, has only poetised it, and grouped the incidents in such form as dramatic representation renders necessary.

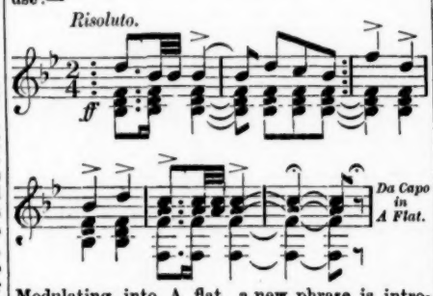
To see Mélingue in the full force and fire of this delightful personation is to witness probably the most brilliant example of large romantic characterisation that the modern stage can show. It thrills by its intensity, subdues by its pathetic tenderness, and exalts by its dignity. I have never seen another piece of serious acting which, all things being considered, and the difficult peculiarities of the part being weighed, has struck me as so thoroughly faultless. It was the very dauntless man and matchless master of the goldsmith's art himself, snatched for a brief hour from antiquity, and brought before us in living, breathing, moving form. To attempt to describe it closely would be dangerous. No analysis that I could give would seem to justify the ardour of my praise. I will rather descend to an incidental feature of the performance, which astonished me at the moment as much as it charmed; and which served to satisfy me as to the cause of *Maquet's* merriment, on the evening of our first meeting.

One tableau of the second act of "*Benvenuto*" represents the artist's studio. The first object that the eye encounters at the rising of the curtain is a slight and barren framework, resting upon a sculptor's modelling block. Rolls of damp clay are piled beside it. Cellini enters. Through an open window he observes the figure of the young girl whom he loves, walking in an adjoining garden. An inspiration seizes him. He rushes to the modelling stand, grasps fragments of clay, dashes them upon the frame-work, presses them into sudden shape, moulds, cuts, adds, retouches, until after perhaps fifteen minutes of rapid labour, the mass resolves itself into a form of rare beauty; a statue is created; the likeness of the young girl, idealized as the goddess Hebe, stands before the audience. It is a marvellous piece of skill, and, perhaps, its nightly reception has done quite as much to extend Mélingue's fame as the magnificence of his impersonation. It is a trick, if you choose, so far as its introduction in the drama is concerned, but it is a trick that could only be achieved after years of study and application. The fact is that Mélingue's early ambition and tastes led him to the practice of sculpture, and for a number of years he followed it faithfully. The little statuette to which I had alluded, at the Alcazar, was his own work, and a wonderfully clever piece of imagery it is. And it is not only in statuary that the brilliant fellow is capable of distinguishing himself. He has sufficient talent as a painter to enable him in another well-known character, Salvator Rosa, to produce an impromptu sketch in colours with as much effect upon the audience as that caused by the Hebe of Cellini. As he declares, in the famous dialogue with King Francis, "he knows how to do a little of everything." His first attempt at handicraft of any kind was in a carpenter's shop, at Caen, where he was born. Presently he transferred himself to the atelier of a sculptor, M. Odelli, by whose direction he subsequently went to Paris, in 1826, where he worked for a while upon the carvings of the Madeleine. But the theatrical spirit was already kindled, and he soon forsook his pleasureless drudgery for the less substantial, but infinitely more agreeable occupation of a strolling player. He was by turns actor, singer, author, decorator, rope-dancer, and musician. Sometimes in partial comfort and sometimes in desperate want, but always light-hearted and confident of the future, he pursued this eventful career for a number of years. At length, accident secured him a position at one of the minor "barrier" theatres of Paris, where, for six months, or thereabouts, he played old men's characters. But this line of business was not of the quality to satiate his dramatic ambition. He accepted a proposition to lead a company about to start for Guadaloupe. Here he won his first real successes, not only upon the stage, but in other vocations—sculpture and portrait painting, lithography and engraving.—*New York Weekly Review.*

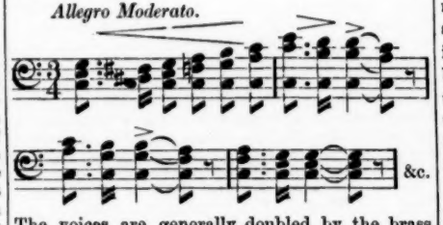
IMPROVEMENT OF THE VOICE BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Extract of a letter from Mr. James Froud, Chemist, Dorchester.—"Others who delight in vocal harmony seldom mix in parties or join public psalmody without taking with them 'Dr. Locock,' as the Wafers are significantly called." These Wafers give a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all druggists.

MAILLART'S "LARA."

Our readers being already acquainted with the libretto of this new work, we now proceed to notice the musical portion. There is no overture, but in place of it, the more easily written introduction, a mere compound of a few of the principal subjects. The opening one is evidently the author's favourite, to judge from its frequent use:—



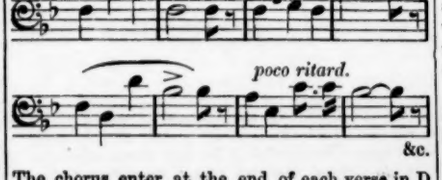
Modulating into A flat, a new phrase is introduced of twelve bars in length, graceful and flowing in character. Following upon this, the subject of the duet, and also the concluding chorus is given in D major, a bold and impressive melody of Meyerbeerish form, which might have been much more effectively worked out. As it stands, the whole introduction is excessively weak and uninteresting as a piece of writing. The opening chorus of nobles is wanting in brilliancy, both vocally and instrumentally. The subject is:—



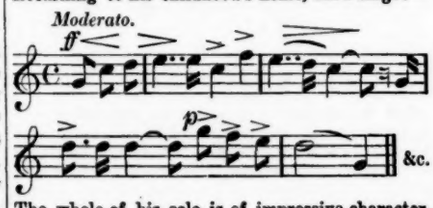
The voices are generally doubled by the brass instruments, and the character much destroyed by several changes to slower time. A few words from the gruff old *Lambro*, ordering them to leave the Castle Gate, afford a momentary relief before the resumption of the first *motif*. In the symphony, and first part of the movement, introducing *Casilda* and *Antonio*, there is nothing particularly noticeable, although from the principal subject of the 3-4 portion, it is of light and rather more pleasing character.

Excepting in the choral refrain to *Casilda's* song, it is most disappointingly dull and ineffective.

Esselin now enters, without any musical preparation whatever, and informs his noble friends of the king's order that the *Countess de Flor* shall choose a husband, who will be invested with the title of *Count of Lara*. He sings her praises in the romance, in B flat, "Her eyes bright glances," in which there are some graceful, if not really pretty phrases, the best is:—

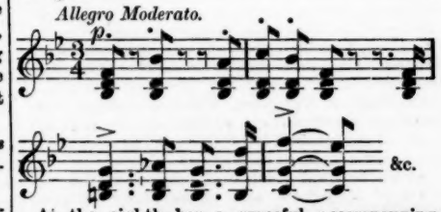


The chorus enter at the end of each verse in D major, wondering upon whom her choice will fall. Some of the accompanying harmonies are doubtful, and to our ears excessively harsh. After some dialogue for *Casilda*, *Antonio*, and *Lambro*, the *Countess* and her ladies enter. This chorus displays poverty of idea, the subject being weak, and rendered less effective from the employment of unison throughout for *Helena* and the ladies in waiting. The solo in B flat, for the *Countess*, is pretty; while the shake is introduced with very good effect in the return to the first subject with the chorus accompanying. The *Countess* recognises her playmate *Casilda*, who replies to all her enquiries regarding the friends of her youth. *Lambro* now enters, but, at first, fails to recollect *Casilda*. The recognition being brought about, the *Countess* claims the right of entrance to the castle. The refusal of *Lambro* to admit her, is the subject of a concerted piece. The opening solo is bold and well marked; but, as it proceeds, much of this is lost from too great a tendency to extreme modulation, a failing to which M. MAILLART is much addicted, if we may judge from the present work. The movement concluded, the *Countess*, and her ladies, enter the cottage of *Casilda*. *Lara* now comes on supporting *Kaled*, who appears exhausted, the symphony in A flat being the same to which we have referred in speaking of the introduction. Returning to his childhood's home, *Lara* sings:—



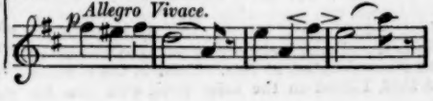
The whole of his solo is of impressive character, taking us back to "*Les Huguenots*" and "*Le Prophète*," it seems however unsuited to the present situation and again exhibits M. MAILLART'S modulating powers; the prelude being in A flat; solo, *Lara*, in C; solo, *Kaled*, in F; solo, *Lara*, in E flat, and again in E major, finishing for both voices in C. This restlessness of key renders the whole movement disjointed and necessarily unsatisfactory. Good taste must condemn such form of writing, save in very extreme cases. *Kaled* rests by the fountain side, *Lara* watching o'er him. The *Countess* and *Casilda* return from the cottage and dialogue follows, during which, *Lara* recognizes *Casilda* but retains his own disguise as a soldier returned from captivity.

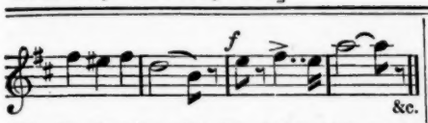
The simple flow of the trio which follows is quite refreshing and would have borne extension, it begins:—



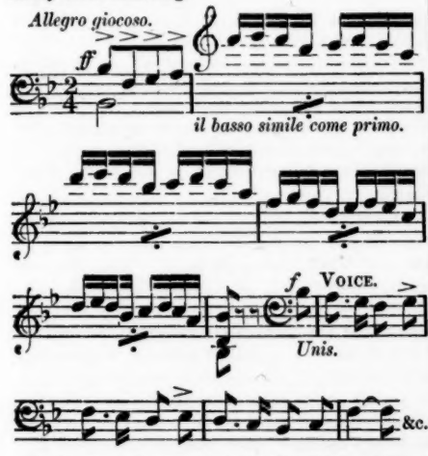
At the eighth bar a graceful accompanying phrase is introduced with good effect. *Lara* and *Kaled* withdraw and a crowd of peasants come to greet their new mistress, followed by *Esselin*, the *Marquis*, and Nobles. This chorus is most effectively written after the OFFENBACH style and accompanied by every element to fit it for the French stage. Before the repetition of the principal subject the castle windows are illuminated and *Lambro* appears, torch in hand, to announce the return of *Lara*, and invite them within. As they enter, the storm breaks out, the orchestra taking up the air "When our noble Count comes back."

Act 2. *Casilda's* song is the subject of the *entr'acte*, and the curtain rising discloses *Lambro* ushering in the guests. The short *morceau d'ensemble*, in which all the personages are brought forward, is cleverly written, without having any special claim to more particular notice. *Lara* enters richly clad, leaning upon *Kaled*, and greets his assembled guests in a sparkling aria of the popular catching style:—



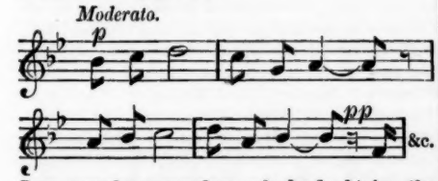


In its situation with the chorus, this proves exceedingly effective. *Lara* leads off the *Countess* at the conclusion, followed by the guests. *Kaled* hears from *Lambro* of his approaching union with *Casilda* and rushes off. One of the best songs in the work is here allotted to *Lambro*, "Ere the merry bells shall ring."

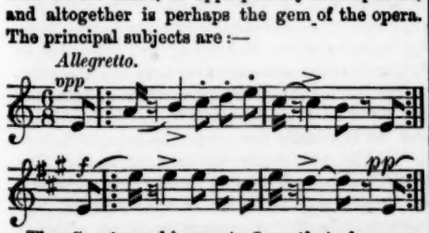


It is very characteristic and capitally instrumented, producing great effect. *Casilda* and *Antonio* entering, find the old man in the highest state of happiness, some short dialogue ensues after which they withdraw and the *Countess* returns alone. As regards the absurdity of situation we will say nothing, but confine ourselves to the music.

The romance given her "To a far distant part," is a smoothly written trifle, in character reminding us of Herold's "*Rendez Moi*," in "*Le Pre aux Clercs*." It begins thus:—

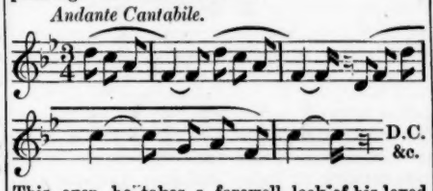


Lara eagerly approaches, asks [and obtains the hand of the *Countess*, then follows the inevitable "Oh rapture" duet. The opening subject is commonplace, while the solos are a reminiscence of "*Sonnambula*." At the conclusion of the movement, *Kaled*, jealous of the *Countess* in the possession of *Lara's* love, and foreseeing the consequences to follow their intimacy, implores to be allowed to return to the desert. He sings a quaintly beautiful and characteristic Arab song, a kind of legendary ballad, intended as a caution to the *Countess*. It breathes of the wild monotonous desert chant, is appropriately accompanied, and altogether is perhaps the gem of the opera. The principal subjects are:—

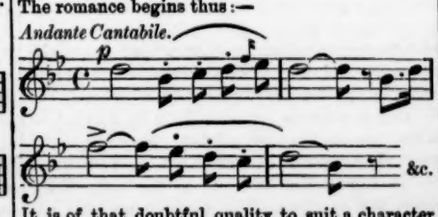


The *Countess* whispers to *Lara* that she recognizes in *Kaled* a woman, but *Lara* evading reply leads her off. *Ezzelin* has observed them together, and now joining *Kaled* a duet follows, "There is a poison leaps through the veins." The beginning is good, but it breaks off from the entrance of the second voice and finishes without an effective working out. Shouts are heard celebrating the happiness of the lovers and *Kaled* drags *Ezzelin* behind the tapestry, where he tells the cause of his jealousy. An inner curtain rises and discloses *Lara*, the *Countess*, and all the guests prepared for banqueting. The *finale* commences with a waltz movement, brilliant in the orchestral figure, but of small interest in the vocal parts. *Lara* rises, goblet in hand, to sing a few martial phrases, some of which being repeated by the chorus produce as unmeaning an effect from the interruption as does the repetition of parts of sentences in the words. The continual changes in the time by the introduction of many pauses; *ritardando* and *ad lib.* passages, interfere greatly with the effect it would otherwise make. The succeeding portion, wherein *Ezzelin* charges *Lara* with usurping the title and claim to the castle, is one of the most masterly pieces of dramatic writing in the work; the rising chromatic accompaniment and modulating harmonies beginning at the lines "To leave these halls to-morrow will you be commanded?" are particularly telling. The solo in E minor, 6-8 time, "They anger not me," is allowed to suffer from the same want of extension as other portions to which we have previously alluded, and the scene closes with a repetition of the drinking song.

Act 3. In the *Entr'acte*, there is nothing to claim special notice, unless indeed, its being quite unsuited for the situation in which *Lara* is disclosed. He sleeps, and *Kaled* entering, approaches the alcove wherein he lies, to tell how he has betrayed his master's long kept secret. The *cavatina* "From that dread past," following the short recitative upon entrance, is an Auberish little melody, simple and appropriate, therefore pleasing. It commences thus:—



This over, he takes a farewell look of his loved master, and withdraws. *Lara* now dreams, the dream becomes a stage reality, and shows us a scene in his Corsair life, and *Kaled* in the character of *Gulnare*. The conception is dramatically good, and only fails in its carrying out musically. *Lara's* solo in E flat, of the *allegro* movement, is however, pleasing and effective, if not quite original. The firing of guns is heard, and *Conrad* goes off at the head of his band, shortly afterwards returning wounded. The Chamber scene is now restored, and *Lara* awakes with a wild shriek, tearing aside the curtains, when *Kaled* enters. In the dialogue, he confesses having betrayed his master's secret to *Ezzelin*, and offers life in expiation. As *Gulnare* she is forgiven, and rushes to his embraces, when *Lambro* enters with the sword and casket of the Laras. With trembling hand *Lara* opens the casket, and reads his father's will. The melodramatic music during the scene is equal to previous portions; more we are unable to say. The romance begins thus:—



It is of that doubtful quality to suit a character of questionable honour. The finale takes us to a scene on the beach near the Castle of Lara, where a ship is moored in which *Lara* is about to depart. The opening is the same as that commencing the introduction, a subject of which we have by this time heard more than enough. Some solo and choral phrases over, *Ezzelin* waits the acceptance of his challenge or withdrawal of *Lara's* claim to the hand of the *Countess* and also the Castle of Lara. *Lara* acknowledges his falsehood to *Casilda* and surrenders pretension to the Lara title and possessions. We would draw attention to one graceful and expressive phrase of melody in A major, 3-4 time, "Branded, this spot I leave;" this is taken up with chorus very effectively. *Kaled* presses his departure to a land where she alone will possess the love of *Conrad*. The concluding subject is a repetition of their first duet, and *Lara*, going on board the vessel, the curtain falls. There are many portions to which we have referred as proving the cleverness of M. Maillart, in conception of good situation for stage effect and the imparting of local characteristic colouring, this last one of the greatest importance and one wherein so many fail to succeed. The subjects often verge on the common-place; nevertheless there is a commendable effort to remove the feeling that the melody is of such quality by rather an excessive use of modulation and sometimes very questionable harmonies. The instrumentation is in many places overpoweringly noisy, the brass being continually in full play; but this is unfortunately one of the great failings of the present day. In writing for chorus, as regards the most effective distribution of parts, M. Maillart has much to learn, and with his undoubted talent he must know it and improve in each successive work. In many instances the voices are made no feature whatever, and sing mere accompaniments to the orchestra; again, they are too often accompanied and doubled by the instruments in the same register; consequently there is a want of that brilliancy and effect which would be obtained by other distribution of the orchestral figures. Reviewing this work as a whole therefore, we must candidly express our opinion that "*Lara*" will not live beyond a short season or two. We receive it as promising still better works from the pen of M. Maillart, who unquestionably has talent, which at present (as is to be expected) wants the cultivation and experience that practice alone can give. Why "*Lara*" should be termed an "Opera Comique" we are at a loss to comprehend, since there is nothing approaching the comic in one single situation or word in the whole libretto.

FRANCE.

Paris, Feb. 21st.

After a course of "*Roland à Roncevaux*" calculated to give the most ardent admirer of chivalry and the broadsword exercise an indisposition, equal in its violent effects to the surfeit of lampreys which cut off an English king, whose name and title I forget, in his prime, M. Perrin has pitied our sorrows, and on Friday, the "*Guerrier sans rival, avec son cor d'ivoire, avec sa Durandal*," *Charlemagne* the mute, *Granelon* the heavy, *Turpin* the colonel-archbishop, the twelve peers, and the horse who always will misbehave himself in the second act, enjoyed a night's rest, and were replaced by MM. Villaret (*Masaniello*), Cazaux (*Pietro*), Mdlles. Marie-Battu (*Elvire*), and Eugénie Fiocre (*Fenella*), in Auber's opera "*La Muette de Portici*." This work is the veteran composer's *chef-d'œuvre*, and has always been a great favourite here. It was first performed in 1828, and Auber was already known as the author of "*La Neige*," (one of Scribe's most charming libretti) "*Le Concert à la Cour*," "*Le Maçon*," "*La Fiancée*," &c., which had given the composer the reputation of being an agreeable musician whose productions seemed well fitted for the troupe of the rue Favart; but who was declared by the "*esprits forts*" of the day as being utterly incapable of producing anything worthy the name of dramatic music. Whether this opinion was well founded or not, I leave for those who have heard "*La Muette*," the duet of "*Gustave III.*," and the finale of the first act of "*Haydée*," to decide; I've already told you I don't profess to form my neighbour's opinion, and moreover I'm a confirmed "Auberiste," and believe in everything he wrote up to 1856. The opera was

splendidly cast. M. Villaret, it is true, was scarcely at ease in the part of *Masaniello*, which he played for the first time; and now and then he seemed overcome by the difficulty of the task he had undertaken; but, *somme toute*, he confirmed the good impression he had already made in the parts of *Arnold* of "*Guillaume Tell*," and *Eléazer* of "*La Juive*;" and, discarding the idea that those of his hearers who were not deaf wore cotton in their ears (a custom much in use among the elder habitués of the orchestra, who take out their aural plugs during the ballet only,) gave us one of those rare opportunities which the gods accord us of listening to a tenor who does not take "Cry aloud and spare not" for his text, but tries to get through his work without endangering his blood-vessels.

He was particularly good in the duet of the second act "*Amour sacré de la patrie*," which he sang with proper energy, and a sentiment of rhythm worth the bellowing of five hundred tenors who have but their yells to recommend them. In the famous "*Air du Sommeil*" of act IV. he was greatly applauded, and deservedly so, the ascending scales of the concluding bars being sung with a sustained *mezza-voce* so perfectly equal in tone that we had but to close our eyes to fancy we were at the Italiens. M. Cazaux was a fat and efficient *Piètro*; he has a capital voice and admirably seconded the tenor in the famous duet, which is in fact the only part of his rôle likely to interest the audience, for the fine barcarolle he has to sing in Act V., and which in my poor judgment has much more character in it that the tenor barcarolle in Act. II., comes too late in the opera to produce any effect. The part of *Piètro* was originally played by M. Dabadie, who was *baryton en chef* at the Académie at the time, and and had also the honour of "creating" *Guillaume Tell* in the opera of the same name. He was noted for his sang-froid, and his want of *feu sacré*; as a proof of the absence of the latter, I will but cite a remark he made while undressing after his first performance of the Swiss patriot, *Encore un rôle que je viens de créer sans suer!*" M. Cazaux does not follow his predecessor's example, as the drops on his brow at the end of the duet can testify; but if he is not so cool as Dabadie he has an amount of *entrain* in the part which the original performer, who had earned the title of *baryton-bourgeois*, never attained. It would scarcely be possible to have a better *Elvira* than Mdlle. Marie Battu; her musical education, half Italian, half French, fits her admirably for the part. Her execution in the air of the first act, "*Plaisirs du rang suprême*," is so good that we have no need to consult her "*etats de service*" to know that she has made a halt at the Salle Ventadour on her way to the Opera; and in act four she sang the appeal to *Fenella*, "*Arbitre d'une vie*," with such a genuine dramatic sentiment that the whole house cheered her, and showed the "Chevaliers du lustre" that when something worthy of notice takes place they are not wanted to start the applause. Mdlle. Marie Vernon having renounced the pomp and vanities of the opera, in order to superintend the *pot au feu légitime* to which she is about to devote the rest of her days, Mdlle. Eugénie Fiocre, who had "made all Paris run" to assist at her representation of *L'Amour* in the ballet of "*Néméa*," was chosen to take her place in the part of the *muette Fenella*, and gave proof of very great talent. During the marriage scene of the first act her acting was really fine; less feverish than Mdlle. Vernon's, it was, I think, a better expression of the dumb girl's distress on seeing her lover united with the princess. I have only one fault to find with Mdlle. Fiocre; she has a very pretty *nez retroussé* which is not at all Neapolitan, but denotes the Parisienne *pur sang* in the most undeniable manner; this, however, is not her fault, and it would really be a pity to change her countenance for one that might be more classic but have less charm; and, after all, we may suppose that *Fenella*, being continually unhappy through the opera, began her bad luck in her swaddling clothes, and that somebody sat on her face before she was weaned. M. Warot was the bored and boring *Prince Alphonse*. He did his best for the part, which is a most ungrateful one—all the "tenors légers" of grand opera are. Witness *Raimbaud*, of "*Robert le Diable*," who, before he has sung half his romance, is condemned to be hanged; and *Léopold*, of "*La Juive*," who doesn't know whether he loves *Rachel* or *Eudoxie*, and whom the talented, but ferocious critic of the *Opinion Nationale* (M. Azevedo) declares, with more bile than elegance, to be a "*fichue bête*."

I give you the program of the fourth concert of the Société du Conservatoire:—

Symphonie en Ut majeur	*Beethoven*
Chœur des Chasseurs d'Euriente	*Weber*
Adagio du Septuor di..................	*Beethoven*
Fragments de la Nuit du 1er Mai di Goethe	*Mendelssohn*
Symphonie en Si bémol (No. 52.)	*Haydn*

This time everything went off *à merveille*. The chorus of *Euriante*, with the slow movement introduced by the late Castil-Blaze, was honoured with a *bis*, and Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis-Nacht*," the great feature of the concert, was capitally executed, and seemed to please the audience greatly.

I notice a line in the program, "MM. les Abonnés sont instamment priés de ne pas entrer pendant l'exécution des morceaux." I trust MM. les Abonnés will take the hint.

I meant to offer you a short notice on a first-rate performance of "*Poliuto*," but my midnight oil is refractory, or, in other words, my lamp will not burn —so my notice and my appreciation of M. Antonucci, who *will* sing baritone, and was brought on this time in a bath (the triumphal car being under repair), must be left until next week, when I shall have to give you an account of the *rentrée* of Madame Frezzolini at the Italiens, and the first night of the "*Mystères d'Isis*" at the Théâtre Lyrique.

GERMANY.

LEIPSIC, FEB. 16TH.

The fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert was one of the most enjoyable of the whole season. It commenced with Beethoven's Overture in C (Op. 124), written at Baden Baden in 1822 for the opening of the theatre in the Josephstadt suburb of Vienna, which took place on the Emperor Franz's "name-day." This grand composition, only less grand than the great Leonore Overture, is, as Marx says, more fitted for the consecration of a church than for the opening of a suburban theatre. In this overture Beethoven confessedly attempts to assume Händel's style; successful as he is in this, it is yet remarkable how Beethoven's individuality is everywhere to be felt; the younger giant may put on the older giant's robes, but his own figure is not to be concealed. In the rich sonority of the instrumental combinations he has been especially successful in imitating his model; this is a secret, the study of which should be more inculcated; it is not to be gained by employing noisy instruments, and by an extravagant use of *fff's*, but by an instinct for proportion, and by an intimate knowledge of the nature of each instrument or voice, so as to know what is the richest and fullest part of their registers. It is the master in this which makes Händel's music so effective, even when given by the handful of voices in a cathedral choir; while other composers deal with far larger masses, and even then are noisy, but not sonorous. A very curious effect is produced by the florid part given to the bassoons, but to bring it out duly the parts must be doubled, as is the case in the Gewandhaus. Exciting is the effect of the *accelerando* which ushers in the great double fugue, and brilliant is the coda which closes the overture. The performance was admirable—very different from that which the overture had to suffer when it was first heard; then no one knew his part; the parts were full of mistakes, and the composer himself, made more anxious by his increasing deafness, added to the confusion by holding back the time while trying to listen to what was going on.

The other orchestral composition was Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 7, of Bote and Bock's edition. This is one of the symphonies which has hitherto been heard but seldom. The first movement, it is true, is somewhat antiquated, but the other three are delightful—true sparkling gems, different as is the light which shines from each. The andante has an old-world tenderness about it that is most charming. The minuet has all the gallant grace of the old courtly school, but yet is not without a strong spice of humour. And in the finale we seem to be listening to a genial old grandfather telling the little ones all sorts of merry tales; and heartily did both little and great ones enjoy listening to the old man's tales; it would have made even a deaf man laugh merely to look at the broad smile on the faces of all, which sometimes broke out into a downright laugh. So intense was the enjoyment that a repetition of the finale was demanded; it was played with such a "will" as to show that the performers were as delighted to tell the tales as the audience to listen.

The instrumental solos were intrusted to Herr Concertdirector Joachim, who first gave us his new Violin Concerto in G. That it was marvellously played is a matter of course; the richness of the tone, and the combined pathos and fire of the player, lead the judgment captive for a time; but impartial reflection decides that as a composition the concerto, interesting as it is in many parts, has not the symmetry, the completeness, demanded by a work of art. As in Herr Joachim's other compositions, there is a wildness both of humour and of sadness which seems to be innate with the Magyars; but there is also a feverish unrest, a disproportion of effect to means, which prevent unmixed enjoyment. Besides the concerto, Herr Joachim played a *Barcarole* and *Scherzo*, by Spohr, and a *Bourrée* and *Double*, and, upon being encored, the *Gavotte*, *Rondo*, and *Menuett* (from the Sonata in E) by Bach. All of these were magnificently given; but most exquisitely beautiful of all was his playing of the *Barcarole*. The pleasure with which Herr Joachim was welcomed was increased by his being accompanied by his wife, who as Fräulein Weiss had already secured the good will of the Gewandhaus public by her fine singing. For this evening, she had selected airs from Händel's "*Theodora*," and Mozart's "*Titus*," and two *Lieder* by Schubert, *Memnon* and *Der Lindenbaum*. Fräulein Joachim has a rich mezzo-soprano, almost contralto, voice; the quality of tone is of rare beauty; the management of the voice makes it evident that the singer has been trained in an excellent school. But far higher than any acquired powers are the mental endowments which give the special charm to this lady's singing; this was most shown in the delivery of Schubert's rarely heard *Memnon* song; it is long since I have listened to anything which has impressed me so deeply; such must have been the song of which the poet dreamt who first gave form to the deep mysticism of the Memnon myth.

Strongly as I am prejudiced against the *Männergesang* movement, I am yet quite willing to admit that if such societies are allowable anywhere, they are especially so in universities; the more so when they are so well conducted as the *Pauliner Gesangverein* of the Leipsic University, under Dr. Lange's direction. This society has just given its annual concert in the Gewandhaus, and, as is usually the case, has brought before the public new works by men of mark. The 150th Psalm for *Männerchor*, and great orchestra, by Franz Lachner, is an ambitious work; but unfortunately this composer is least effective where he wants to be grand; in a graceful style, as in his Second Suite for orchestra, he is masterly; but in the Psalm, not being able to command grand thoughts, he resorts to noise; the whole tone is too secular; the praise of the temple need not be less jubilant than the rejoicing of the world, but it should at least be more solemnly tuned, and eschew all triviality.

Of far greater interest are the "Scenes from the *Frithjof-Saga*" for soli, *Männerchor*, and orchestra by Max Bruch. The text is a translation of parts of Bishop Tégner's poetical version of the old legend. The Bishop's poem has been translated into almost every European language. The events upon which it is based are said to have occurred in the 8th century, and the earliest written version dates from the 13th. The subject turns upon the persecution which the Norse hero *Frithjof* suffered from King *Helge*, because he loved *Ingeborg*, the King's sister. Herr Bruch has divided his work into six scenes; in the first we have *Frithjof's* return from an adventure upon which he had been sent by *Helge*, who had promised him *Ingeborg* if he were successful. In the second we see how the hero was deceived. *Helge* had been defeated by the old King *Ring*, who also is in love with *Ingeborg*. To save himself from utter destruction, *Helge* sends his sister to King *Ring*. In the third, *Frithjof* appears before Baldur's temple; he tells the priests, who are waiting for *Helge's* coming, that he has slain their king, and then tears from Baldur's image the golden bracelet he had given to his betrothed, but which *Helge* had forced from her and consecrated to the god. In his rage he sets the temple on fire, burns down the grove, and is cursed by priests and people, and sentenced to banishment. Scene the fourth is devoted to *Frithjof's* departure from Norway, accompanied by his faithful followers; and the fifth, to *Ingeborg's* lament, who has watched the lessening sail, and caresses the falcon her lover had given her. The sixth and last scene is on the Viking's ship. *Frithjof* encourages his companions on the voyage, and promises to lead them to adventure and booty. Herr Bruch has made a great mistake in not adhering to his first intention of writing for a mixed chorus. Nothing but a positive necessity in the nature of the subject can justify the composer of an extended work in wilfully depriving himself of the materials essential to the construction of a perfect work of art. The higher voices are as essential to real choral writing as are the violins to orchestral. It is true that orchestral works have been composed where the violins are excluded, but the effect is very heavy. In these *Frithjof* scenes not only *might* female voices have been used, but there are places where they seem actually demanded, and where the effect would have infinitely gained by their employment. As things are now, it may be easier to find a good *Männerchor* than a mixed chorus; but no musician who has any love for his art, least of all one with so much talent as Herr Bruch possesses, should condescend to encourage a disastrous and downward movement. But passing over this most serious objection, the music is certainly of great, if not of equal merit. It would be disrespectful to the composer to speak in detail of a work upon which he has evidently bestowed much thought, after but a single hearing, and with no opportunity of studying it. Perhaps one of the weakest points is the want of clear, distinct melody in the solos. At the same time it is but fair to add that *Ingeborg's* lament is very touching. There are some fine passages in the march and chorus in the second scene, where *Ingeborg* is going sadly on her way to the hated *King Ring*, as also in the scene of the burning of the temple, and on board the Viking's ship. The instrumentation is effective, and the whole construction is full of interest. Herr Bruch is one of the younger composers whose career is worth watching. His work was warmly applauded. The solos were carefully sung by Fräulein Thelen of the Leipsic Theatre and Herr Sägemann of the Hanover Opera, who also sang the air "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," from the "*Creation*."

The *Pauliners* also sang several four part choruses and songs, among them a very good one by Kapellmeister Reineck, called a "*Waldlied*." Herr Kessler's "*Wanderer's Nachtlied*" has also good points. Less pleasing is Vincent Lachner's "*Reutti im Winkel*," a song of wandering singers who have returned from a crusade with whole skins; it lacks the humour required by the text. Schubert's "*Nachthelle*" with *obbligato* pianoforte accompaniment is beautiful; but most excellent of all was Silcher's setting of the quaint *Volkslied* "*Mei Maidle*," he has caught the true tone which ought to characterise such music.

Between the quartets, Fräulein Jenny Hering, of Leipsic, formerly a pupil of the Conservatorium, played the *Romance* and *Rondo* from Chopin's pianoforte concerto in E minor; Fräulein Hering has more than average technical power, and plays with a certain dash; but something more than this is required for the right interpretation of Chopin's most poetical music.

COLOGNE, FEB. 21st.

On Friday last we witnessed the performance of a new opera by Ferdinand Hiller, entitled "*The Deserter*." The popularity which the clever composer enjoys at Cologne is so great that any new work of his is sure of a warm reception, and a deserved success; but on this occasion, the interest shown was beyond the average. So far F. Hiller had been known only to the public as a composer of serious classical music, but he has now produced a work of an entirely different character. The new opera is light in subject and composition. The scene is in a German village, and the principal characters are—*Liesel*, the village belle; *Mehul*, her betrothed; his parents, the village schoolmaster, and a messenger. The plot, to our mind, has a weak point, inasmuch as a "deserter" is the hero of the piece. Certainly there is some excuse for his running away from the grasp of a disagreeable sergeant, when we remember that he has only just been betrothed to the prettiest girl in the village; nevertheless, we would like to see our hero somewhat braver; and when at the conclusion of the piece, *Liesel* rushes upon the stage, and brings the pardon from the Prince, at the very moment he is about to be shot, and when he is thus once more made happy, surrounded by his friends, and united to *Liesel*, we can hardly rejoice with him with as clear a conscience as we would wish.

In spite of this little drawback, the piece is full of characteristic and entertaining situations, in each of which the composer does not fail to evince the versatility of his powers. The whole is full of fresh and original melodies. Several of these delighted the audience so much that they were most enthusiastically redemanded, and at the end of each of the three acts the composer (who, by the by, conducted as usual) was loudly called for, and, as he appeared before the curtain, was crowned with laurels; for real, substantial bays were thrown to him from all sides.

ANGEL TOWN INSTITUTION, BRIXTON.—The St. John's Choral Society inaugurated their fourth season on Friday the 17th inst., at the above institution. Miss Mina Poole was successful in all her songs, more particularly in "Cherry Ripe" which was redemanded. Mr. T. Rogers was encored in both his songs; his rendering of the "Muleteer's song" is highly effective. Mr. John Wilson sang with his accustomed care, but his voice was scarcely strong enough in the duet with Mr. Rogers. Mr. Ellison's singing of Randegger's fine song has before been commented on in these columns; he was no less effective on this than on former occasions. Mr. R. Ling was confined to his room through illness, and Mr. Starey, who had consented to supply his place, was himself taken ill in the afternoon; Mr. Rogers, however, kindly came forward, and sang a third song which somewhat alleviated the disappointment of the audience. The chorus was thoroughly efficient, and in "Who shall be queen of the May," from Macfarren's cantata of "*May Day*," obtained an encore. Mr. H. C. Morley played the accompaniments as delicately as is his wont; we would advise *some* accompanyists we have heard to take pattern by him. The room was well filled, and the concert was thoroughly successful.

The number of patients relieved at the Hospital for diseases of the heart, 67, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was 149 during the week.

THE WESTBOURNE AMATEURS IN COURT.

HAMMERSMITH.—Messrs. Bailey and Burgoyne, of the Bijou Theatre, Victoria Hall, Asher-street, Notting-hill, Mr. F. Penna, and Miss Louisa Van Noorden, were summoned at the instance of Mr. Horace Wigan, lessee of the Olympic Theatre, the former for causing to be acted for hire, and the latter for acting for hire, a stage play not allowed by the Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. Roberts, who supported the summons, suggested that, as the defendants were not professionally assisted, they had better plead guilty and submit their play to Mr. Donne, the examiner, and come up for judgment when called upon. He made this offer in order to save them from a conviction, which would entail the loss of their license to perform plays.

Mr. Burgoyne stated that the Bijou Theatre was always let to amateurs, who played for charitable purposes, and not for hire.

Mr. Roberts drew the attention of the magistrate to the Act, which required that all plays should be sent to the Lord Chamberlain for approval.

Evidence was then given that admission had been obtained at the doors of the theatre by the payment of 1s., and that the play had not been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain. The identity of the actors was not sufficiently proved, consequently the charge against them was not pressed, and it was finally arranged that Mr. Roberts's suggestion should be acted upon; and Mr. Donne, as examiner of plays, kindly stated that he would examine "*The Oracle*," which was the play in question, free of charge, on account of its having been performed for a charitable purpose.

Mr. Ingham adjourned the summons until Wednesday, to allow time for the play to be approved, and said if the costs were arranged the parties need not attend again.

SUNDERLAND.—The Philharmonic Society gave "*Elijah*" on January 13th. The principal singers were Miss Walker, soprano, who sang the part allotted to the *Widow* very finely; Miss Thompson, contralto, who was encored in the lovely air, "O rest in the Lord;" Mr. Price, principal tenor of Durham Cathedral, who was encored in the fine aria, "Then shall the righteous;" and a Mr. Ferry, a local bass, who in the part of *Elijah* was weak and monotonous, and faulty in his intonation. There was a good attendance, and the choruses on the whole were well sung. This performance may be viewed by the Society as a good rehearsal for a better performance of "*Elijah*" at some future period. Mr. Rea, organist of the Town Hall, Newcastle, presided at the harmonium, Mr. Isles led the band, and Mr. Burton, organist of Leeds parish church, officiated as conductor.

DURHAM.—Mr. J. Smith gave a grand evening concert in the beautiful Town Hall, on Saturday, February 11th, when the following artists had the honour of appearing:—Vocalists—Mdme. Fiorentini, Mdme. Liebhart, Signor Ambonetti, and Mr. Winn. Instrumentalists—Signor Bottesini, the celebrated double-bass player; Mr. Levy, the renowned cornet player; and the talented composer and pianoforte player, Mr. J. L. Hatton. The room was crowded to excess. Mr. Levy's playing was perfection, and he was loudly encored in all his pieces. Signor Bottesini's splendid playing of "Adelaide," and selection from "*Lucia*," created an immense sensation, and he was encored in both. He is "the king" of double-bass players. Mdme. Fiorentini sang charmingly, and was much applauded in her song from "*Faust*," and, with Mr. Hatton, was enthusiastically encored in Barnet's "singing lesson." Mdlle. Liebhart, the new "prima donna," possesses a rich, full, and ringing voice, and created a great sensation in her songs, in all three of which she was immensely applauded and enthusiastically encored. Her shake in "*Morgenfensterln*" was marvellously executed, and was a great vocal feat, and was listened to with breathless attention. Mr. Winn and Signor Ambonetti were both successful in their songs, and the Signor was encored in "*La Donna è mobile*." Rossini's "*Dal tuo Stellato*" was given by the whole strength of the party, and brought the concert to a successful termination. Mr. Hatton accompanied splendidly, as he only can, and added greatly to the success of the concert.

Letters from the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M. A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., and other clergy and gentry, testifying to the marvellous effects of "Clark's Neuralgic Tincture," in Neuralgia, tic doloureux, Face and Tooth Ache, Ague, Nervous Head Ache, Brow Ague, Nervous Debility, etc., may be had of the proprietor, W. W. CLARK, M.P.S., Dorking, Surrey. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLEMENTI TAVONI (Torino).—Troppo tardi, sventurotamente.

ANGLICAN.—For this chant see the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1846 and 1847.

J. L.—Gregorian tunes are not all alike; if so, they are all of one period and all from one hand.

ENQUIRER.—The 100th Psalm tune is said to have been a "love dittie," allied to somewhat licentious words. Burn the tune and all its arrangements.

M. A. SELBY.—No; Handel's Water Music is not in Her Majesty's library, but "*Judas Maccabæus*" is.

F. C. G. The cathedral chant is metrical—matching the heroic line of our poety, "Not unto | us: but | to Thy Name, O | Lord." | It is also the same rhythm as the "March." The openings of Mendelssohn's march in "*Athalie*," of Handel's march in "*Judas Maccabæus*," are of the same measure. Make the choir-boys march to the chant. They will soon feel the rhythm in their muscles, and you will speedily detect the bad harmonies and vulgar progressions. Marching a psalm is the surest way of obtaining the best chanting.

FUNERAL CHANTS (S. T. P.) You will find improved versions of the chants by Morley and Flintoff, in Dobson's "Tunes, New and Old;" and a fine form of Battishill in A minor, transposed into F minor in Carlyle's "Manual."

AN AMATEUR. Read the article again. Our words are, "*amateurism is work without discipline*, an instinct for the wrong, the acuteness of misunderstanding." Mr. Havergal is a veritable amateur, undertaking to correct the harmonies of some of the greatest musicians that ever lived. Of course every pretended correction is a blunder. We are aware that members of the profession reprint and adopt his arrangements, but organists bow down to amateurs, for in musical theory and composition most organists are only amateurs themselves.

After the whole of our impression had been printed last week, we discovered that in consequence of a printer's blunder, a most ludicrous aspect was given to our report of the Crystal Palace Concert. We wrote "the choir sang Purcell's *chorus*, '*In these delightful pleasant groves*,' *and the prayer from Auber's* 'Masaniello.'" The words which we now print in italics were accidentally omitted, and the authorship of Auber's opera ascribed to Purcell!

DEATH.

On Saturday last, in Henley, Staffordshire, after two days illness, Mr. J. F. Whittingham, aged 30. He was a talented and most promising musician, especially as an organist, and his loss is therefore greatly felt and regretted. Curious to say, on the previous Sunday evening, fulfilling his post as organist, he played his own funeral dirge, "Dead march in Saul."

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A REVIEW OF MUSIC & THE DRAMA.

All communications to the EDITOR to be addressed
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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent-garden.

(OPERA COMPANY, Limited).

Production of the MOCK DOCTOR.

On Monday next, February 27th (and during the week) will be performed, for the first time in England, Gounod's celebrated Opera, THE MOCK DOCTOR (Le Medicin Malgré Lui). The principal characters by Mesdames Poole, Thirlwall, and Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Henry Corri, Lyall, A. Cook, Dussek, and Henry Haigh. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

After which, the Great Pantomime, CINDERELLA, concluding with the magnificent Transformation Scene. Doors open at 7. The Opera commences at half-past.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1865.

Volpini, in "*Sonnambula*," has lately carried Lisbon by storm.

In Naples the supremacy of "*Martha*" is now established. All opposition has given way.

Senor Donato, the monopod, is suffering from lung disease, which will prevent him dancing any more in this—and probably any other country.

The English Opera Company will not, we believe, send any touring party into the provinces this summer.

Mdlle. Linas Martorelle will probably accept, we hear, an engagement this summer for Valencia.

Carlotta Patti, in Cologne, has been supported in the "Ullmann'sche" concerts by a Frl. von Edelsberg, whose high register is also reported as a *lusus naturæ*.

Mr. Harrison's English season at Her Majesty's theatre will terminate this evening, Saturday. It is probable Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne will take benefits later on.

Mr. Wood (of Cramer & Co.) returned to town from Paris on Wednesday, and brings, we are glad to say, some better tidings of Mr. Vincent Wallace, who, although very weak is decidedly better than he was a week ago.

We hear that a "*Reine de Saba*" Festival will be given in a month or so at the Crystal Palace, when the greater part of that *chef d'œuvre* of Gounod's will be done under the able direction of Mr. Manns.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann had the honour to perform at the Prussian embassy—the residence of the Count and Countess Bernstorff—in presence of a large assembly of the foreign nobility.

We observe that Mr. W. C. Levey, the popular composer of "*Punchinello*," "*Fanchette*," *&c.*, was announced to perform at Madame Puzzi's *soirée* yesterday (Friday) evening, his compositions "*Romance sans paroles*," and a "*Galop de Concert*."

We are happy to chronicle the recovery from indisposition of Mdme. Elvira Behrens and her success in Hamburgh, where she recently sang at a performance of the Bach Society. The Hamburgh journals are loud in her praise.

Mr. Harold Thomas's overture to "*As you like it*," produced last season by the Musical Society and afterwards played at Mr. Benedict's Shakesperian concert, and at the Strafford Festival, was performed on Thursday night at Manchester, under the direction of Mr. C. Hallé.

Next week the Menken is to bewitch Liverpool, at the Amphitheatre. We presume that during this lady's appearance the "*Duke's Motto*" will respectfully withdraw itself. At the Prince of Wales, Miss Marie Wilton is concluding her very successful engagement, and takes her benefit on Tuesday evening next. After her come Clarke and Miss Oliver.

A very excellent performance of Mozart's immortal "*Requiem*," took place in the Catholic-church, Farm-street, Berkely-square, on Tuesday last, the occasion being a special service for the late Cardinal Wiseman. At the pro-cathedral Moorfields, another requiem was sung on Thursday last. The church was entirely hung in black, and the grand old Gregorian chants sung by about three hundred singers, being heard under the most favourable circumstances, were certainly very solemn and impressive.

The sister of our popular maestro, Signor Arditi, has made her *début* at the Teatro Carcano, Milan, with more than ordinary success. Emilia Arditi appears to share the familiar talent, and we are heartily glad to hear of new laurels accorded to one bearing so good a name. The lady is a performer on the violin, and the first piece—a fantasia by the maestro Ferrara, was rapturously applauded. The great triumph of the *début*, however, was reserved for a fantasia on "*Norma*," composed by Signor Luigi Arditi. The Signorina was called several times, and appeared with her maestro Signor Bossi.

It might be deemed a return of the many compliments we pay France by borrowing so largely of her dramatic literature, and of the especial compliment paid her by Mr. Webster in his production of the "*Workmen of Paris*," that Marseilles has brought out an "*Ouvrière de Londres*." The piece is hardly old enough to be pronounced a success, further than that every single piece produced by our neighbours is a success; but a character in it is interesting in portraying that knowledge of English names and customs, which is so characteristic of French authors. The character is named *Lord Jocelyn Haugton*—how pronounced, only Frenchmen can say.

The Davenports have, we trust, by this time received their *quietus*. Messrs. Hulley and Cummins, their Liverpool antagonists, who were invited by several gentlemen to be present at the séance held in Huddersfield, seem to have so arranged matters as to have ruined the prospects of the Brothers in that town at least; and we believe they are determined to run them down until they have once more to take refuge in the metropolis, where they will no doubt be received by the faithful with sympathising welcome.

The fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire at the Theatre Royal Edinburgh has been augmented in a most handsome manner by the artists of that city. The sketching club have presented to the relief fund a fine collection of upwards of twenty drawings, chiefly in water colours. Among the collection are drawings by Noel and Waller Paton, Sam Bough, Cameron, McCulloch, Hallswell, Cassie, McTaggart, and Clark Stanton. These drawings have been beautifully mounted and are intended to form a large portfolio which will be worth at least £120, and which will probably be drawn by lottery.

Mr. Willing, of the Foundling and All Saints, Margaret Street, opened a new organ on Sunday evening at Christ Church, Blackfriars Road. The instrument is a very fine and effective one, having been manufactured by Mr. Hill from Mr. Willing's plans. The choir from the Foundling took part in the service. The music was Nares in F; and in addition to the usual metrical psalmody, two anthems —"By the waters of Babylon," Nares, and "Blessed be Thou," Kent. As the whole arrangements were in Mr. Willing's hands, we need not say that all went well, and that the congregation were highly delighted with their new instrument and the accomplished musician who had designed it for them. Dr. Hessey preached a sermon in aid of the funds for the organ. The parish is very fortunate in its excellent and amiable rector, who is known doubtless to most of our readers in connection with the annual country trip which he gives to ALL his poor parishioners in the summer one of the most interesting gatherings of the kind possible.

The choral concert of Thursday last, being the seventeenth of Mr. Charles Hallé's grand concerts, drew a crowded audience to the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The names of Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Sims Reeves are powerfully attractive, but there has been a magnetic power at work, whose influence is stronger than the names even of the greatest artists. It is the weekly opportunity of hearing the works of the great masters performed in a superior style. A taste for orchestral music of the first class has been fostered, we may almost say has been created. These concerts have now reached their seventh season. Poorly attended at first, the audiences have gradually increased, until during the latter half of last season, and during the present series, so far as it has yet gone, overflowing houses have been the rule. Mr. Hallé has been from time to time strengthening and improving his band, till it has reached a high state of discipline and perfection.

The severe winter has been the cause of a most interesting fête at Prague. On the 14th February

there was an elegant assembly on the frozen waters of the Danube, an assembly unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of our *monde élégante*. At an early hour sledges of all shapes, swans, peacocks, foxes, gondolas, and curricula, thronged the streets leading to the river side, and by one o'clock the ice was crowded by the nobility and beauty of the town. All the ladies of the aristocracy and the fairest stars of the theatrical horizon were assembled there. Fair maidens that were in short looped petticoats, Polish boots, and hats with bright feathers, some skating, the less intrepid gently sliding over the ice, supported by the hand of their cavaliers. Quadrilles were formed and gracefully executed, and rapid galops danced to the exciting and boisterous strains of Strebinger's band. It was really an enchanting *coup d'œil*, brought to a close in dignified and appropriate manner, as when with closing day the gay throng returned homewards in sledges brilliantly lighted by forerider carrying blazing torches.

A terrible and romantic tragedy has occurred at Stuttgart. The favourite comic actor there was a Herr Birnbaum. He was formerly engaged in Cassel, and one of the Princes of Hesse Cassel fell in love with Birnbaum's daughter, and in spite of the opposition of his august father, the Curfürst, married her, and fled with her to Switzerland, where they lived for some time, supported only by the actor, as the Prince's father disavowed the marriage, and refused every assistance. Of course, Herr Birnbaum received his dismissal from the Court Theatre in Cassel, and he had to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He found a home at last in Stuttgart. The Prince eventually got tired both of his narrow means and young wife, and yielding to his father's persuasions, left her, to die of a broken heart. This catastrophe so preying upon Herr Birnbaum's mind, led to the tragedy of the 10th inst. In Laube's celebrated play, the "*Karlsschüler*," the actor represented a man who has to tell a story much resembling his own. Before going on the stage, he was observed to be confused and excited; he went on, however, and acted in a manner that drew tears from the whole audience, and even from those acting with him; but on leaving the stage at the end of this scene, he had scarcely arrived at the wing when he clasped both his hands to his heart, and fell down—a corpse! The sensation among his brother artists and the public in general can scarcely be described, for all knew his history, and knew what had struck him down. The play, of course, came to a close at once. The king has granted his widow a pension, and acceded to the desire of the deceased, often expressed, to be buried beside his daughter, the wife of Prince Frederic of Flanau, in the churchyard of Cannstadt.

At the Music-hall, Jarratt-street, Hull, on Monday evening, Dr. H. Deval gave his annual grand evening concert, under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Earl de Grey and Ripon, the Right Hon. the Earl of Zealand, the Right Hon. Lord Londesborough, the Worshipful Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the Humber, and Minerva lodges of Freemasons. The audience was a very large one, the greater portion being reserved ticket holders, the second seats being inconveniently filled. The first part of the program consisted of a miscellaneous selection; the opening quartett, "Over the dark blue waters," by Weber, was given with great precision and clearness by Miss Witham, Miss Caroline Havis, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. T. Dodds. Miss Witham, though labouring under the disadvantage of a severe hoarseness, received a well merited encore for Dr. H. Deval's beautiful ballad, "Ah, fond remembrance," the same compliment being paid to Mr. Dodds in the spirited song of "Old England's Tars" by the same composer. Mr. Jackson, a tenor of considerable power and much sweetness, a pupil of Dr. H. Deval's, gave Bishop's "Pilgrim of love" with equal effect and excellent taste; this gentleman bids fair, with perseverance and study, to take a first class position in his profession. Mr. F. J. Fayer, also a pupil of Dr. H. Deval's, displayed ability of no mean order as a pianist, playing Weber's "*invitation à la valse*" with great brilliancy: he has a firm finger and considerable power of execution. Miss Caroline Havis, a young soprano of much promise, a pupil of Dr. H. Deval's, gave an old Welch melody, "The bells of Aberdovey," with such charming simplicity and sweetness as to draw from her audience the most enthusiastic encore of the evening. The first part terminated with Barnett's trio "This magic wove scarf," given by Miss Witham, Dr. H. Deval, and Mr. T. Dodds. The second part of the program consisted of a selection from an original MS. opera, libretto by Miss M. E. Braddon, the music composed by our talented townsman, Dr. H. Deval; the quartett "Hark, a whisper," is full of melody and voiced with considerable dramatic effect. No. 2, a cavatina for the soprano, "France, oh, my native land," sung by Miss Witham is a lovely composition, full of sparkling melody and abounding with brilliant florid passages such as a prima donna would delight to revel in; but we must say we are disappointed in the execution of it. Either the music was too much for Miss Witham, or she had not sufficiently studied it; at any rate her performance of it greatly marred the effect of the composition, and Dr. H. Deval should have secured the services of some other artist more capable of doing justice to his music. No 3 of the most charming ballads we have heard for a long time, "Though all the world were at my feet," most accurately rendered by Dr. H. Deval, and loudly encored. No. 4, a delightful aria "In my old home," and as delightfully warbled by Miss C. Havis. No. 5, a duet for soprano and tenor, executed by Dr. H. Deval and Miss Witham. No. 6, a charming ballad, "A wand'ring priest," rendered by Mr. T. Dodds with considerable effect. This gentleman has a fine baritone voice, but the effect of his singing is greatly marred by a want of energy. No. 7, a quartett, "The flowers I'd wreathe," a composition full of dramatic effect, commencing with a delicious tenor solo, and admirably rendered by Miss Witham, Miss C. Havis, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. T. Dodds. If the rest of the opera be at all equal to the portion we have heard, there can be little doubt of its success when brought before the public as a whole. Dr. H. Deval, assisted by Mr. F. J. Fryer, conducted. That the program provided was highly appreciated by the audience, was duly evinced by the numerous encores during the evening.

On the production of "*Mireille*" in Ghent the management and the artists gave the banquet to M. Gounod. The toast of the evening was delivered in a manner truly French. It was short and pithy in the mouth of M. Vachot; there was nothing of the British redundancy of toast-proposing about it:—"Monsieur Gounod. Yesterday an official toast was borne you, the plaudits with which it was covered has been sanctioned by the crowd. Echo of these plaudits, I come to bear you a toast in which it is the heart which speaks. In the name of my artists and myself I bear a toast to M. Gounod." The room resounded with applause, and another gentleman rose. Not M. Gounod: he was not to speak yet. The toast required a seconder, and M. de Querey was fully equal to the occasion.

"Dear Monsieur Gounod," said M. de Querey, "since you have been in Ghent, I, like all, have seen that you are a man of heart, and I, like all, have learnt to love you—not only as an artist but also as a man." (This sentiment, the triumphant asseveration of Manhood so common in the British mouth after dinner, appears to be cosmopolitan). The town of Ghent has treated you as a spoilt child; she is proud and happy of possessing you.

"This welcome was merited: much has been done, but not enough has been done. Among all ovations which have been awarded you there is one which must have struck you especially.

"Yesterday after these crowns bestowed a part of the house rose—that part which is called 'Paradis,'—and broke out by way of manifestation into that splendid chorus from '*Faust*,' which terminated the representation of so much. For me, this ovation effaced all the others; it must have touched you, for you wept. Sir, I saw you weep! The people, these fellows of the blouse, said to you, 'Dear Monsieur Gounod, we also love the beautiful—we love melody—instead of drinking twelve or fifteen pints of beer in the week we make little economies to go and hear these suave melodies. Quitting the theatre we repeat them. We repeat them again on quitting our work. We repeat them with our children, who with us will make you pass to posterity—to immortality!'"

"Permit me, my dear M. Gounod, also to bear you a toast.

"I drink, and we all drink, all.

"To the charming author of '*Philémon et Baucis*.'

"To the witty and gaiety-loving author of the '*Médecin malgré lui*.'

"To the profoundly inspired author of the '*Reine de Saba*.'

"To the specially ethereal author of '*Mireille*.'

"And lastly, to the sublime, immense author of '*Faust*.'"

This speech created a great sensation, and Gounod having suitably replied, song and dance followed, and in the words of *La France Musicale*, "left charming souvenirs to all those who took part in the *fête*."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This institution, by receiving a money subsidy from the public funds, has come within the care and inquiry of those who pay the tax. Information respecting its character and conduct is sought by the Council of the Society of Arts, a society which, it would seem, is much desirous of connecting itself with educational music, and of patronizing a conservatorium, or gymnasium, or college, or academy on a somewhat large scale, and on a plan so prudently and cautiously considered, as to lead to a great advance in the study of music, both as an art and a science. The council have commenced operations by the appointment of a committee, whose primary business it is to consider and report on the state of musical education at home and abroad.

This part of the inquiry might be soon settled, and most satisfactorily so. Let the council proceed to take the results. Let so many public concerts be announced—native vocalists one day, foreign vocalists the next; solo players on stringed instruments at a third, and foreign soloists on the same at a fourth; and so with regard to the flute, clarionet, oboe, bassoon, horn, tromba, trombone, &c. These performances should be followed by an English rendering of some of the finest symphonies, overtures, and other large orchestral compositions, contrasted with the rendering of the same compositions by an orchestra composed of foreigners. Add to these the delivery of some three or four operas by English talent only, and then their execution by our continental friends only. Such a public demonstration of the executive skill of English and foreign artists would leave not only a large money surplus, but point to the real value of the two modes of education, as far as respects solo and concertanti exhibitions. The same method of contrast might be employed with regard to the piano and the organ. Should the performances of our countrymen and women excel those of their fellow artists educated abroad, it is clear *home education* is superior to that on the continent. There can be no test so definite, no test more satisfactory, and the council of the Society of Arts may spare themselves any further anxiety on this point. As to certificates and testimonials, experiences and reminiscences—they are really not worth a nutshell, and such documents can only raise in the minds of the council a state of doubt and confusion which may possibly at once put an end to the commission and its object.

The council desire further to know what in Germany is a Conservatorium, in Holland what is a Koninklyke Muzykschool, in France what is a Conservatoire, what is the same in Italy, and lastly, what in England is the Royal Academy of Music, what the musical nurseries of the National Church attached to the cathedrals, to the colleges, and to the few endowed parish churches? These enquiries might be at once met by sending to the committee the different methods, and theories, and schools of composition used in the various public educational establishments abroad, and such works as have emanated from English hands and heads used in the Royal Academy and the other music schools in this country. As an example—let us take the violoncello. Let the German, the Dutchman, the Belgian, the Frenchman, and the Italian each send his school for this instrument, and let these be compared with the English book used in the Royal Academy. And, as composing operas appears to be all the rage, let the council be informed of the best works on melody, harmony, instrumentation, language rhythms, lyrical rhythms, declamation, expression of the different passions, their combinations and contrasts considered with reference to their outward *muscular* development; and let these gentlemen make a comparison themselves between the disquisitions and views of the foreign masters in dramatic composition and the same offered by writers in this country. The committee appointed by the council are further desired to gather together as much information as possible touching public concerts, examinations, a national musical library, and a museum of musical instruments of all past and present times.

With respect to public concerts, let the committee go in a body to the Oxford, and to the Argyll Rooms in Windmill Street. As these are the most economical instructors of the taste of the public, they deserve the first consideration. We regret we cannot add the little wandering orchestras recently put down by Mr. Bass and Mr. Babbage. Verdi and the French and German dance music in the public streets have done for England what the Christy Minstrels have done for America, and have assisted more to the disappearance of bad operas from our English stage than aught else. The butcher's boy, the newsman, the milk-girl, the muffin-man, and all the nomadic retailers of our necessary comestibles for the day, have become thoroughly familiar with the best and finest of melodies, with the *motivi* of some of the most classical of overtures, and have gained no small experience of what is real artistic ability. The music of the streets and in the music halls and saloons of our spirited speculators has changed the whole character of our national taste in music. People feel what is *stream* in melody, what is symmetry in melody, what is continuity by means of rhythmic pulsation in sounds; and although they know nothing of the causes of these necessities in music, they feel and wait for their effects. Thus are they prepared to go to concerts such as "The Monday Populars," as they are termed, and others like unto these, and submit themselves to the penance of a heavy classical, or, as the case may be, enjoy the dangerous seductions of "the voluptuous Rossini," "the enervating Donizetti," "the noisy and ear-distressing Verdi," "the cold but calculating Auber," "that restless and indefatigable showman," "the dodger," Meyerbeer.* One test of a musical education is to turn the professors into the squares and into the highways and byways of the metropolis. If the tune is a good one, people, although in a hurry, will stop and stand to hear it. If the man can play, the woman sing, they will both get an audience, and a sympathetic one.

Of the questions touching the Royal Academy of Music we may say more anon.

* For these epithets, and terms like unto them, see the musical criticisms of the last 30 years.

REFORM IN THEATRICAL LAW.

Persecution for conscience' sake has not wholly departed since the days when men wore buff jerkins and stirred the faggots in Smithfield. Now, as then, persecution may be undertaken with the best intentions. The inhabitants of Regent Street who have banded against a growing and noxious evil; the magistrates who are resolved to root out and punish infringement of the One o'clock Act; the supporters of a Maine Liquor Law; and that most objectionable and extortionable institution, the Anti-Tobacco Society itself—are all more or less actuated by the very best motives. We would not impute less to the ardent spirits who have embarked in a crusade against unlicensed play-houses by making a kind of Peter the Hermit of the Lord Chamberlain. Doubtless the crusade is carried on upon pure principle, and the crusaders are acting in good faith. At the time when the parallel of a Holy War held good by the first march of the true believers in theatres being directed against the infidel in his Alhambra, we agreed with the theatrical party that *if* a license and a fee were necessary it was hard the proprietors of large houses should pay for hampering restrictions, while the owners of music-halls escaped scot free. What is sauce for the histrionic goose should be sauce for the vocalistic gander; and if one operetta of Offenbach's must be paid for at the Gallery of Illustration, certainly another operetta by the same hand should be paid for at the Oxford. But there is just a possibility that neither goose nor gander require any sauce at all; that the Lord Chamberlain is a fossil antiquity; and that all who enlist under his banner may do so under the plea of self-interestedness, but can scarcely claim any higher principle than the desire to crush their too successful rivals.

At the outset, the crusade promises to carry all before it. That modern Godfrey de Bouillon, Mr. Horace Wigan, successful so far against the Moor, has shaped his course westward rather than in the opposite direction, and attacked a harmless little society of feeble amateurs in Bayswater, called the Westbourne Operetta Society, for recently performing an unlicensed play or operetta, "*The Oracle*." Not only were the society summoned, but the proprietors of the Victoria Hall in which the operetta was done. Proceedings were not pressed, as the object for which the representation was given was believed to be charitable—a fact which is rather late to be discovered, as no object, charitable or otherwise, appeared on the face of the programs and tickets of the Westbourne Operetta Society on the night of performance. The defendants (who might by poetical justice have been found guilty of bad acting) were let off the serious offence, and warned to send the operetta to Mr. Donne, the examiner.

Now a principle is never good until it carried out; but to carry out this principle of the managers involves persecution. What harm could that society, stigmatised by our own Bohemian, do to the Olympic theatre? Does Mr. Wigan believe that a single being who *might* have gone to see the "*Hidden Hand*" was tempted on that wretched snowy night to wander westward in search of the dreary entertainment of the Westbourne Operetta Society? If the same performance was repeated, *would the same being go back?* Really, when managers arm themselves to hunt amateur societies into a police court, they betray a weakness of cause which is not only persecution but unnecessary bullying.

But we are glad to see a stand is being made against the invaders. A prospectus before us of the Association for the Amendment of Theatrical Legislation sets forth the objects and hopes of the Association. The words of the promoters are, just:—"The Act of Parliament under which these proceedings have been instituted is so sweeping in its provisions and definitions, that no entertainment given out of a licensed Theatre is legally safe. A comic song, a fancy dance, or a vocal duet may be easily proved to be a "stage play," within the meaning of the Act, and the owners of the hundred and sixty Music Halls, with the givers of miscellaneous entertainments throughout the country, are nightly at the mercy of theatrical lessees and common informers." This is every whit true, and it needs but few of the accompanying arguments to prove the need for legislation. But we do not know that the Association sufficiently meet the evil by proposing to introduce into an Act to be formed this session, the following provisions:—

1. "That all Theatres and places of Public Amusement be placed, and shall constantly be, under the supervision of the District Surveyors, who are to be paid by fee chargeable on the Theatres.

2. "That each Theatre shall maintain at least two firemen, one in the auditorium, and one behind the curtain, at all times when the doors are open to the public.

3. "That so much of the statute of 6 & 7 Vict. vesting the powers of licensing Theatres in the Lord Chamberlain and the Justices of the Peace be repealed; but leaving, as heretofore, the censorship of plays in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain."

The association will pardon us for asking in what way their three unimportant clauses provide for the faulty legislation existing? What have the firemen to do with the definition of "a drama?" and why, in the name of progress leave the censorship of plays in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain? He is the very objection of the age, he and the licensing system which is bound up with him. Our plays no more require a censor than our newspapers do: admit a censorship of the press, and every handbill would be defined as a newspaper; continue the censorship of the stage, and you will be compelled to term every ballet and comic song a play. Better reform it altogether.

Dramatic monopoly has done more harm to London than it is easy to conceive. See the present want of a central operetta house. A monopoly of theatres is as anomalous as a monopoly of public houses or hatters. What if one or two tradesmen in a street could petition against the right of a third to set up in their line of business? Yet the law affecting theatres is not less barbarous than this. We wish the association, or the committee, on which we see the names of Strange and Boucicault and Howard Paul, every success with Parliament; and in the mean time while oppression lasts, we can recommend a direction of persecution on which it has not entered. Mr. Unsworth's political views are not licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, but the managers can go further than this. Have they never remarked the "dramatic entertainment" of the organ monkey? Why not take out a summons against Punch and Judy?

THE "PERFERVIDUM INGENIUM" AGAIN.

We have excited the wrath of at least one Scottish gentleman who reads the *Orchestra*, by something we said a few weeks ago in reference to the organ-movement in Scottish Presbyterian Congregations; and he has written us a macarontic on the subject, in which he questions our judgment, impugns our motives, and roundly asserts that we wish to throw a wet blanket over the movement. The paragraph which has called forth this denunciatory epistle was a brief notice of the proposed introduction of a harmonium into the parish church of Crieff—which we then certainly ridiculed, and for very good reasons, as we shall shortly proceed to show. At the time we wrote, we did not think it necessary to give our reasons very fully for scouting the introduction of a squeaking harmonium into a Highland village church, and contented ourselves—by way of putting the incongruity in a strong light—with saying that, if it came to a question of instrumental music at all, the bagpipes would be quite as

suitable, and would probably be better played. Our correspondent rashly concludes that we spoke in ignorance of the circumstances of this particular case. He is utterly mistaken; we spoke in perfect knowledge of the subject (as he will presently be led to believe), and see no reason whatever to change the view then somewhat tersely expressed.

In the first place, our correspondent is completely wrong in supposing us to be adverse to the introduction of *organs* into Scottish Presbytarian churches; on the contrary, we most sincerely hope this generation will see the last of that very adulterated imitation of DAVID's "Chief Musician"—the Scottish Precentor. Choirs, or "bands," as they are objectionally called by our Northern friends, are still more objectionable, under present conditions; as they merely give us the Precentor nuisance septupled or multiplied as the case may be, without the precision or power of voices supported instrumentally. A very common argument in Scotland in favour of these "bands," to the effect that the finest sacred music is to be heard in Greek Churches, and in the Sistine Chapel, where there are no instruments, is, unhappily for those that use it, fallacious in its minor proposition — that the singers in the one case are equally good with those in the other. For these and many other reasons, which at this time of day must be accepted as admitted truths, we heartily desire to see organs introduced into Presbyterian worship; but, at the same time, we are perfectly convinced that the movement is still in its infancy—that it will be many years before the stern Presbyterian prejudice against the innovation will have died out—and that an injudicious eagerness to introduce instrumental music into parishes by no means prepared for the change will have a most detrimental effect on the movement generally.

A most notable example of this injudicious eagerness is furnished by the Crieff affair, upon which we animadverted in the paragraph which has evoked the splenetic letter already referred to. There is perhaps no hamlet in all Scotland where less good is likely to arise from the instrumental church music innovation than Crieff, a small town in Strathearn. The Gaelic element strongly predominates—the native population are simple in their notions, almost to rudeness—there is almost a total lack of such popular culture as is afforded by concerts, entertainments, lectures, and so forth; and in religious matters, the extraordinary illiberality and party spirit shown a few years ago, when Richard Weaver set half the Strath on its knees, will still live in our Scottish readers' recollection. If Crieff has any individuality at all as a community, it certainly is derived from a strong aversion to novelty. For years its people literally "walked in darkness," steadfastly refusing to adopt a certain act which would drain their streets and give them lamplights in the winter—and burning in effigy a few of the more liberal spirited of the inhabitants who endeavoured to promote the measure. (We are glad to remark, *en passant*, that the act *has* actually been adopted—not without difficulty).

Into the religious heart of this primitive Highland community it appears that the parish minister, the Rev. Dr. CUNNINGHAM—a most excellent and worthy man—and some coadjutors, wish to introduce instrumental music in divine service. We should have been inclined, without farther information than is conveyed in the preceding sentence, to have advised the Rev. Doctor to forego his intention for, say, another half century; but when we read farther on, that the instrument which is to lead and control the Gaelic voice is a squeaking harmonium, we are ready to exclaim, "This is surely madness!" Sometimes in a drawing-room—rarely in a concert-room—never in a church—are harmoniums tolerable. As a substitute for an organ in large edifices, like the parish churches of Scotland, they are simply an abomination. We can compare their effect in the latter case to nothing more apposite than the drone of a bag-pipe—hence the suggestion in the former paragraph with which our Scottish critic has quarrelled; and we are not at all sure but that if ALISTAIR STEWART, the stalwart retainer of Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, were to stalk over to Crieff Church some Sunday with the Great Pipes under his arm, and "raise the tune" for the Gaelic congregation who sit under Dr. CUNNINGHAM—we are not sure, we repeat, but that the effect would be infinitely better, and less objectionable to the greater part of the audience than the asthmatic drone of a feeble harmonium.

DEATH OF A CHIEF MUSICIAN.

The cathedral of Gloucester has lost its ruling power in music by the sudden demise of Mr. J. AMOTT its organist. With the exception of Dr. BUCK of Norwich, Mr. AMOTT was the oldest member of the Collegiate Organ Accompanists. As an organ player in the proper sense of the term—such as was the late THOMAS ADAMS—Mr. AMOTT was truly an amateur. As a composer of music he was infinitely smaller than many an amateur. As a Director of the service music of the Church the notion of *progress* never entered his head. He taught the boys as he himself had been taught, interpreted the music according to the traditional rendering, selected the same bad chants as did his predecessor, chose the same ill-shaped and slovenly services, delighted in the same anthems, consisting of some three or four movements of about a minute's duration, and ran away with his choir, as did his predecessor, when the high music of the Cathedral should have begun in the Communion office. The race of such organists is over; the spirit of the epoch has pronounced their doom; their place shall know them no more, because the duties of the office are no longer within the power of performance by professors of such calibre and attainments.

The music of the cathedral is now in a state of transition. The people know too much, the church professors know too little for any immediate settlement. Various attempts have been made and are now making to set up a new school of Cursus music for our scanty cathedral choirs, but no example has yet appeared founded on any principle that can stand. The old rhythms of TALLIS, FARRANT, and BYRDE are obsolete; no cathedral organist could imitate or revive them, even if he understood them. The canonic writing of GIBBONS, CHILD, and ROGERS cannot be touched; no man living could hope to do anything in this way with any prospect of success. The new services are either so much chord music, organ sequences, imitations of glees, or extracts from MENDELSSOHN, SPOHR, HAYDN, and BEETHOVEN. Until something of a more worthy character should appear the Chapters must rely on TEAVERS, BARROW, NARES, KING, and ARNOLD.

The Chapter of Gloucester have elected Dr. S. S. WESLEY of Winchester Cathedral to the place vacant by the death of Mr. J. AMOTT. Dr. WESLEY has broken up new ground in his way first at Hereford, then at Exeter, then at Leeds, then at Winchester, and now is about to do so at Gloucester. Gloucester will of course have its new organ, its new Psalter, its new anthem, its Bach fugue, possibly its "*European Psalmist*," and let us hope its congregational service with the people's chant, the people's canticles, and the people's hymn. They may not be the best of their kind, but such things are *an advance*, and must lead to the shaking up of dry bones, and the promise of some artistic life. The appointment at Winchester is a double one, organist of the Cathedral and also to the College. The emoluments are £300 per annum and a comfortable house. None but really competent persons should be permitted to enter the lists.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

All people will sing if the music will allow them, and if it be befitting the words and the place. People do not sing because the music in nine cases out of ten is unworthy of their singing, and having no tune bearing on the words. A chant is "a house to let," a hymn tune another "house to let;" nothing that is intended to fit everything can properly fit anything. No one has been educated to supply the public with church music, and every one, from the bellows-blower up to the organ accompanist, thinks he is the man that can do so. There are possibly half a dozen persons in England who are able to write a chant without a blot, and there are thousands who think they can do so.

Some trite and not thoroughly digested remarks on church music and congregational singing have recently appeared from the pen of Mr. HULLAH who some time since gave the congregation a metrical psalter of very disagreeable music indeed, and which the congregation of course rejected. Nor was Mr. HULLAH's prose psalter of a much more inviting character. Mr. HULLAH doubts the possibility of good congregational singing. Let Mr. HULLAH burn all the bad psalm tunes and harmonise the good tunes, so that human nature *feels* the harmony, and we beg to assure him he will very soon hear fine congregational singing. Reprints of TALLIS, ESTE, RAVENSCROFT, and such murderers of tune and rhythm can but depress every effort to amend general church singing. Imagine any body of English people trying to sing "St. David's tune" as found in the old psalter books; and yet this is what Mr. HULLAH has been seeking to achieve. Such music people will not practise, and its place is the fire.

Mr. HULLAH presses the necessity of practice meetings, but significantly remarks that people will not continue to meet together unless they take pleasure in their meetings. Exactly so. Mr. HULLAH hits the nail on the head. Why has Mr. WAITE succeeded in teaching more than a million English an entire set of new hymn tunes? Why has Mr. ALLON such noble congregational singing in Union Chapel, Islington? Simply because music has been provided for them that they delight in, that they can sing, music which appeals to humanity, worked upon the principles, and adapted to the human nature of a congregation and its capabilities. Mr. HULLAH need no longer doubt; the fact exists, and he himself can verify it.

A NEW SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

SIR,—There are two or three inaccuracies in your review of my scheme of notation that, if you will permit me, I should like to point out. I think that with a little further enquiry you will find that it has no connection in common with the Tonic Sol-fa notation, with the exception of adopting letters to represent sounds, instead of symbols representing the letters, which, in like manner, represent the sounds. The letters adopted are A, B, C, D, E, F, G, because of their familiarity in connection with pianoforte music; whereas the terms Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, are only used in vocal music. In this, therefore, there exists a difference, which is increased when we come to the different octaves. The Tonic Sol-fa clumsily indicates higher or lower octaves by figures, which give no idea of the acuteness or gravity of the sound. In the above notation, however, this is done by altering the character of letter for each octave commencing from the natural note, C. The lower octaves being written large indicate gravity, and the gradually decreasing size of the letter, for the more acute sounds, express all that is necessary to show the ascending or descending of the scale. Further difference to indicate *each note* of a scale is not necessary; for the letters being C, D, E, F, G, A, B, a glance is quite sufficient to tell us that G is a fifth above C, and so on; for if the G was written the same size as C,

the tonic, there is no fear of it being mistaken for the G in the lower octave, which would be a fourth below. Therefore, whatever may be the remark of Rameau with regard to the other scheme, it is not applicable to the proposed one; for, reasoning from analogy, although the voice has its different articulation for different combinations of letters, and its proper accentuation and pronunciation, &c., a phrase not being harped on one tone of the voice throughout, it is not written up and down, as Rameau thinks it necessary that music should be, because the plan of the keyboard—of a fixed instrument—so places them. A violin, being tuned in fifths, a note on one string may be in an entirely different place on the next string, would be an exception to Rameau's remark. Another peculiarity, entirely foreign to the Tonic Sol-fa, is the *fixed* scale and notation necessary for a fixed instrument, and also the representation of notes and chords in one or two lines, chords and combinations written as words, instead of having a separate line for each part or note of a chord. Another point is the indication of the time, which is done by appropriate marks underneath, the thickness according to the length of the note, and which is more in keeping with nature than the plan followed in the established notation, which gives three thick dashes (which we reduce to three *fine* strokes) to one of the shortest notes, is a demisemiquaver. The Tonic Sol-fa divides the time into pulses, an arrangement that could not be applied to the proposed scheme. Finally, would not the chord of C and its inversions be a little more obvious (with a little practice, allowance must be made for a continual acquaintance with the old notation), written with four letters, instead of stretching, in all manners and shapes (from a ledger line below the line, with two dashes through to a ledger above with one dash through; and, in the spaces, from the second space in the bass, to a ledger in the treble with five dashes under) about two inches up a pair of ladders, thus:—

C E G C representing—

and its inversion E C G C for

and so on?

When the above scheme was devised, the author was unacquainted with the Tonic Sol-fa, except that he knew such a system did exist, and that it used the Italian terms for the scale; whence then the above as a mere variation of it?

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. F. S.

MR. DISRAELI AND SIR E. B. LYTTON.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

Sir,—Allow me a few words on the observations of Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Lytton upon music, which were quoted by you in a recent number. It would be idle to take the former gentleman's opinion (opinion!!) for anything but a splenetic gibe on an art which, it is clear, nature never intended that he should understand, yet he is not without authority for his wit. Lord Chesterfield called music "one of the low arts," and threatened every one who studied it with the loss of his character as a gentleman. Swift's well known couplet

> "Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

refers to the same subject. These are profanities of the last century. But it is only thirty years since Leigh Hunt told the world that Händel was an old lady and a formalist, and that Madame Pasta degraded herself by singing his music.* "What can be more ridiculous," said the late Sydney Smith, "than to see three hundred fellows fiddling like mad on Moses' curses on the Egyptians," (Händel's "*Israel in Egypt.*") Here we have the very echo of Mr. Disraeli's version of the meaning of Plutarch, when he said that "the best musical instruments were made of the jawbones of jackasses." These gentlemen would do better if instead of throwing dirt at the muse, they would imitate Sir Walter Scott, who confessed and regretted his ignorance of music. There are many examples of men gifted with the highest faculties, who have been totally impervious to musical impressions. I have given one or two cases above. On the contrary, we have instances of men endowed with musical genius, who are imbeciles on every other subject. The once celebrated and now unjustly forgotten Winter was one of these. Admirers visiting him on account of his genius, seldom left him without laughing at him, or inflicting some practical joke upon him. Yet he was justly esteemed the finest lyrical writer of his time; Mozart alone excepted.

Before Sir Edward Lytton degraded music to the level of a sensual passion ("one of the low arts" as Lord Chesterfield called it) he should have given a better definition of the difference between sensual and intellectual passions. Weber used to say that he never saw a beautiful landscape, but a rush of musical thoughts arose in his mind. This is the instinct of the poet. The sense of beauty, latent in the mind of poet and minstrel, is awakened by the organ of sight, but the form or type of the passion—the *modus operandi*, is different in each. What is suggested to the one through the medium of his eyes, is supplied to the other, as powerfully although somewhat more mystically, through that of his ears. Hence both men or neither are sensualists. Sensual passions are the same in their effects on all. The loaf that appeases hunger, the draught of water that allays thirst, are alike in the kind and degree of their effect, their *modus operandi* on all who partake of them with an equal appetite. It is only when the impressions of the senses become the inlets or touchstones to the operations of the mind, that their effect on different persons is found to vary so much. If Sir Edward's assertion be true that nobody was ever known to be the better or wiser for a knowledge or love of music, it must apply indiscriminately to all the arts, to poetry, painting, sculpture, &c. Yet even in this view of the subject, if there be an art which from the power and nature of its effects might appeal from such an opinion, it is the art which has by common consent been named *par excellence*, "the divine."

Your obliged,

Charter House, Feb. 16th. J. G.

* See an article in the *Companion* on "Pasta and Oratorios." Mr. Hunt had some taste for music, but when he turned musical critic he certainly made one of the greatest mistakes of his life.

THE BARONET'S PUFF.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

Sir,—A Hymn Book manufactory—if it turns up trumps—is a more lucrative speculation than any operatic adventure. Dr. Rippon realised seventy thousand pounds by hymn and tune books; the late Mr. Hall received sixteen hundred pounds a year for nearly thirty years from the publishers of his "Mitre Hymn Book;" the Congregational Hymn Book and its companion, the Union Tune Book, bring in a princely income; Mr. Mercer has sold his thousands and thousands; Sir Henry Baker about two millions.

The recipe for a manufactory of this kind is very simple. Cut out all the popular hymns from the popular collections, alter them to make a copyright, employ an organist of some note, informing the readers of your preface that he is of all men the most distinguished, and that he has "rigidly revised" the entire work with the utmost solicitude; that greater skill and care could not be found in the whole world, nor safer or more able hands. Get this distinguished revisor to write you a letter certifying that the selection of hymns is the most perfect he ever met with, and that revision has been a labour of love, a sea of delight. Secure the two University professors, one to tell the public the arrangement is extremely rich, the other that your book nearly embodies all he could wish. Add the title of baronet to these ingredients, with a short prayer that all may tend to the good of the church, &c., &c. And to stop further attempts, solemnly affirm that competent judges have deciared the melodies and harmonies of your book *incapable of improvement*. Do this (*it has been done, all of it*), and your book will be in hands of all of your party, and you will have a certain and pleasant income for life.—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

LL.D.

HAENDEL'S DEAD MARCH TO "THE MAGNIFICAT."

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

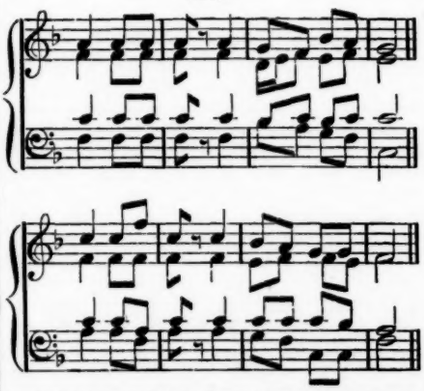
Sir,—If, as Lord Byron suggested, David the King would have burnt his Psalms had he imagined how they would be sung, what would the Virgin Mary have done had she been compelled to hear her hymn sung to *the Dead March*, Sunday after Sunday? And yet this has happened Sunday after Sunday in All Saints' Church, Notting Hill. Not content with Haendel, the arranger has in the endeavour "to improve" him, turned his music into bad grammar, and nonsensical successions. I beg you will confer the favour of printing the chants I annex, and possibly the good sense of the congregation, knowing the impropriety of "the setting," and the worthlessness of "the improvements," may stir into activity and put an end to such vexation and disgust.

I believe you are doing great good in affording opportunities for correspondents, and thus giving publicity to a general grievance, and feel assured that some change for the better must speedily take place in our Sunday music.

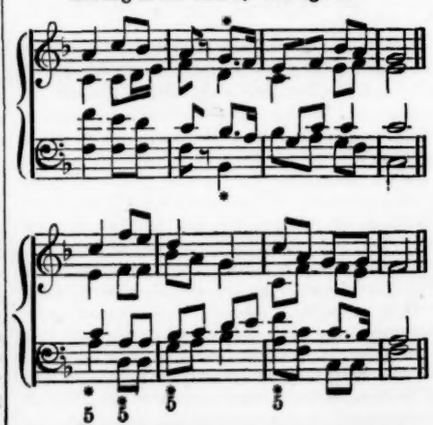
I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

A Lover of the Magnificat.

Haendel's "*Dead March in Saul*" as a *Jubilant Chant*.



Haendel Improved by *Fashionable Church Harmony*, as sung in All Saints, Notting Hill.



P.S.—Will any learned editor of a chant book, or teacher of harmony and composition, or any member of the College of Organists, bestow a line

or two in explanation of these cacophonous and ear-annoying combinations? There are no such chords in Haendel, and they would most certainly have driven him out of the church.

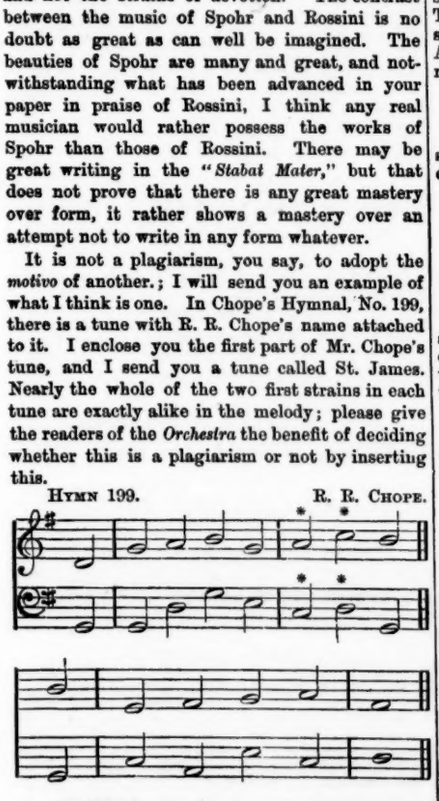
SPOHR, ROSSINI, AND PLAGIARISMS.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra.*

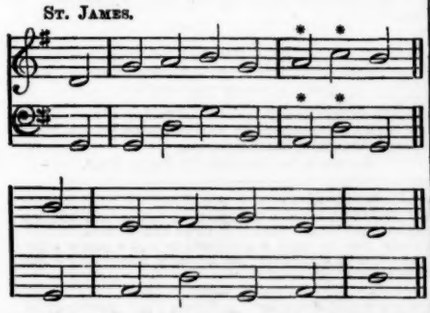
SIR,—In the remarks in last week's *Orchestra* upon Spohr's Autobiography, it is said that "Spohr was a composer rather than a creator of music, and that his school in composition died before him;" another musical authority speaking of him says, "his style is glowing with richness, his pictures have a colour of their own, and he works with the genius of a master conscious of power in the school he has created." The same individual speaking of the "*Stabat Mater*" of Rossini, says, "it is merely music to sacred words and not the strains of devotion." The contrast between the music of Spohr and Rossini is no doubt as great as can well be imagined. The beauties of Spohr are many and great, and notwithstanding what has been advanced in your paper in praise of Rossini, I think any real musician would rather possess the works of Spohr than those of Rossini. There may be great writing in the "*Stabat Mater*," but that does not prove that there is any great mastery over form, it rather shows a mastery over an attempt not to write in any form whatever.

It is not a plagiarism, you say, to adopt the *motivo* of another.; I will send you an example of what I think is one. In Chope's Hymnal, No. 199, there is a tune with R. R. Chope's name attached to it. I enclose you the first part of Mr. Chope's tune, and I send you a tune called St. James. Nearly the whole of the two first strains in each tune are exactly alike in the melody; please give the readers of the *Orchestra* the benefit of deciding whether this is a plagiarism or not by inserting this.

HYMN 199. R. R. CHOPE.



ST. JAMES.



Yours &c.,

Feb. 20th, 1865. PLAGAL.

[PLAGAL should study both Spohr and Rossini; what is not in the one will be in the other. It is absurd to write about "a mastery over an attempt," and there is no such thing as *great writing* without masterly form, for form is the necessity of thought. Mr. R. R. Chope is a musical robber; he conveyances more than a *motivo*.—ED.]

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra.*

SIR,—Being desirous of obtaining information no the precise objects of our several musical societies, the principles adopted for the election of their members, associates, and active officers—more particularly atpresent, of the above society—I trust this enquiry may lead to a satisfactory reply in your journal. I hope it may not be intrusive to enquire what funds remain at the bankers belonging to the above society, the extent of its library, and the rights and privileges of members and associates of this "Rotten Borough," so named by Mendelssohn, on the authority of the *Athenæum* Journal.

PATER FAMILIAS.

REVIEWS.

[HUTCHINGS & ROMER.]

"*Swallow, come again.*" Song written and composed by "CLARIBEL."

Young ladies with contralto voices will find this song a very useful addition to the their repertoire. The melody is very simple and tuneful, effectively set in the key of D flat and within easy compass. As a song for home or school use, we cordially recommend it.

"*Gathering hearts-ease.*" By BESSIE PALMER.

Another very graceful and simple song of the same description as the above. The words exhibit considerable poetical talent.

[THE MUSIC LIBRARY COMPANY.]

1. "*La Beneficenza.*" Vocal Waltz. By R. PALMERINI.

2. "*Gli Occhi d'amore.*" Polka Cantabile da R. PALMERINI.

The popularity of the "*Bacio*" and "*L'Ardita,*" as vocal compositions, seems likely to produce a host of similar efforts. Both the above are set to Italian words; the music is pretty, but commonplace. Of the two, we prefer the polka.

"*La Solitudine.*" Melodia da R. PALMERINI.

A short and soothing melody in F minor, 3-8 time, well suited for a contralto or baritone. Though unpretending it evinces considerable ability.

Music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The program of Saturday last, which we here subjoin, was certainly one of the most interesting of the present season:—

Symphony, in D, (Hafner) ..... *Mozart*
Aria, "Della rosa il bel vermiglio," *(Bianco e Falliere) Rossini*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Romance, "Ah non avea piu lagrime," *(Maria de Rudenz) Donizetti*
Signor Gustave Garcia.
Concerto, in F sharp minor ..... *F. Hiller*
Mr. Franklin Taylor.
Grand Scena from "Helvellyn" ..... *Macfarren*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Aria, "Sulla' poppa del mio Brick" ..... *Ricci*
Signor Garcia.
Pianoforte Solos:—
a. Song without words (Book 6, No. 1) ..... *Mendelssohn*
b. Grand Valse de Concert (D flat) ..... *Pauer*
Mr. Franklin Taylor.
Ballad, "The Liquid Gem" ..... *Wrighton*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Overture in C ..... *Mendelssohn*

The "Hafner" Symphony is so called because it was composed for the wedding of a daughter of a family of that name at Salzburg, in 1782. It was first written in the form of a "serenade," and afterwards reduced to the usual "symphony" form for a concert at Vienna on March 22nd, 1783. So rapidly was it thrown off, and so little did Mozart trouble himself in its composition, that he mentions in one of his letters to his father that its success had quite taken him by surprise. Mendelssohn's overture in C, on account of its rare performance, was listened to with much interest. Mr. Manns observes in the program—"An unknown overture by Mendelssohn is indeed an acquisition, and our audience will feel deeply grateful to the directors of the Philharmonic Society, who have relaxed their usual rule by lending the score and parts to the Crystal Palace Company for this day's performance. The overture appears to have been first composed in 1825, and to have been re-written for the Philharmonic Society in 1833. It was first performed in this country on the 10th June of that year under the personal direction of the composer. He was accustomed to call it 'The Trumpet Overture,' from the unusual predominance of the brass instruments in the score." Mr. Franklin Taylor certainly made a very creditable *début* as a pianist. Hiller's difficult concerto in F sharp minor was altogether excellently performed. It is almost unknown in England, but has been made very popular in many parts of the Continent by Mdlle. Clauss, for whom it was written. Signor Garcia sang tastefully, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington received quite an ovation in the grand scena, "Here shall I find repose," from "*Helvellyn.*" She was also encored in Mr. Wrighton's pleasing ballad, "The Liquid Gem."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday last, Messrs. Straus, L. Ries, H. Webb, Hann and Daubert, played Mozart's "Quintet in G major," the *adagio* was particularly fine. Tartini's violin sonata entitled "*Didone abbandonata*" was played by Herr Straus, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict. It consists of four movements of which the first, the *andantino*, is the most melodious. Mr. Charles Hallé gave Beethoven's "*Pastoral*" sonata in his happiest style. In the vocal department Miss Edith Wignal gave Gounod's "*Ave Maria*" which has lately been attracting considerable attention. It has long been a favourate motett, and has already been presented in three or four different forms in London this season. The ground work of the aria is Bach's first prelude. Mr. Cummings gave the "Lullaby" from Benedict's "*Lily of Killarney*" with commendable good taste and sweetness, and was also much applauded in "*L' addio del marinaro,*" also by Mr. Benedict, who conducted with his usual ability.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY, WILLIS'S ROOMS.—The concert of Saturday last was far better attended than any previous concert of this series. The program was as follows:—

Quartet, No. 81, in G major, for two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello ..... *Haydn*
Allegro moderato—Adagio cantabile—Minuetto Presto—Finale Presto.
Monsieur Sainton, Herr Pollitzer, Messrs. Doyle and George Collins.
Romanza, "Eri tu che maschiari" ..... *Verdi*
Signor Garcia.
Song, "Ave Maria" ..... *Cherubini*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Sonata, in D major, Op. 10, for Pianoforte Solo .... *Beethoven*
Presto—Largo e maesto—Minuetto Allegro—Rondo Allegro.
Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.
Cavatina, "The Ocean Spirits' Song" ..... *J. Cheshire*
With Harp Obbligato.
Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. J. Cheshire.
Air and Variations ..... *Rode*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Solo, Piano, Caprice in E, Op. 33 ..... *Mendelssohn*
Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.
Duo, "Crudel perche finora" ..... *Mozart*
Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Garcia.
Song, "Day Dream" ..... *Blumenthal*
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
Posthumous Quartet, No. 15, in C sharp minor, for two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello ..... *Beethoven*
Adagio molto espressivo—Allegro molto vivace, ed Allegro. Andante cantabile—Piu mosso, ed Andante moderato. Adagio—Allegretto—Adagio, ed Allegretto. Presto—Adagio quasi Andante, ed Allegro.
Monsieur Sainton, Herr Pollitzer, Messrs. Doyle and George Collins.
Conductors:—
Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Monsieur Lemmens.

The quartett No. 81, in G major, is not one of the most favourable specimens of the genius of Haydn, nevertheless it was interesting, and the delicious melody of the *adagio cantabile* gave evident delight. In this, as well as in Beethoven's Posthumous Quartet, which is generally allowed to be one of the most difficult that has ever been written, the highly efficient "quartet party" were irreproachable. We were extremely glad to see one of Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte alone included in the program, and were much pleased with Mr. Otto Goldsmidt's careful interpretation. One of the most charming of Cherubini's motetts, an "*Ave Maria,*" was sung by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington. Rendered with all the fervour of a devotional exercise, and admirably accompanied by M. Lemmens, it was really unique, and elicited a hearty burst of applause. Signor Garcia sang with much taste and feeling, and the pleasing voice of Miss Rose Hersee was heard to advantage in the "Ocean Spirits' Song," accompanied on the harp by the author, Mr. J. Cheshire. The last concert of the present series takes place to-night. The instrumental performers will go on a short provincial tour, and resume their conserts at Willis's Rooms on March 25th.

CAMBRIDGE HALL, NEWMAN STREET.—On Monday, February 13, a "grand concert" took place at the above hall. The program was varied and attractive. The concert began with Bishop's celebrated chorus, "The chough and crow," which was very fairly executed, the soprano solo being sung by Miss Hunt, who, later in the evening, sang the cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," with great taste. Mr. Sydney Reeves gave the "Village Blacksmith" (Weiss), and Mr. Martin sang, in a careful manner, Wallace's beautiful ballad, "Sweet Spirit, hear my payer." Mr. Theodore Gordon gave Blamphin's patriotic song, "Stonewall Jackson," and "The True-born Englishman." Flotow's "She appeared," by Mr. Charles Allen, was sung rather more feelingly than we have heard on

former occasions, but there is still ample scope for improvement. The "Stirrup Cup," substituted for Benedict's "Boot and Saddle," in the program, was spiritedly sung by Mr. J. F. Matthews, who gave as an *encore* "The Merry Muleteer." Miss Marian Glover sang "Beautiful Bells," which was received with bursts of applause. The comic element was represented by the great Vance, who sang three of his most popular songs, and Mr. G. Vincent, who sang *six* comic songs. Miss Harriett Coveney, who arrived during the performance of the national anthem, felicitously rendered two of her serio-comic songs; and Miss Eleanor Blake danced a *pas seul* In the instrumental portion of the concert, we had an exceedingly clever performance of Herold's "*Zampa*" overture by Mr. T. Harvey, a young and promising pianist, who, with Mr. C. Jenn, rendered great assistance in the accompaniments. The concert was somewhat thinly attended, owing no doubt, to the severity of the weather.

Brixton Institution, Gresham Road. — The Amateur Musical Society gave a concert here on Wednesday, the 21st instant. Romberg's Symphony in E flat, a selection from "*Ernani*," the overtures to "*Masaniello*," and "L'Italiana in Algeria," were the principal items of the program. Mr. Snelling's solo on the clarionet was very creditable, and obtained the honour of a re-demand. The vocalists were Miss Emma Jenkins and Mr. Thomas Rodgers.

Leicester.—The last of Messrs Nicholson's grand Concerts for this season was given on Monday evening, and attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The artistes included the chief members of Mr. Mapleson's troupe, viz., Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Dorsani, Mdlle. Enequist, M. Joulain, Signor Bossi, Signor Piatti, (violoncello), and Signor Bevignani, (conductor). The program was an excellent one, and reception of each of the artistes most enthusiastic. Mdlle. Tietjens was in excellent voice, and created an immense sensation.

Theatres.

1. Covent Garden.

"*The River Sprite*;" "*Cinderella*."

The following distinguished visitors have honoured the Royal English Opera with their presence during the last few days:—Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Mdlle. Norelle, Colonel the Hon. D. De Ros, and Mr. Buff; their Royal Highnesses the Count and Countess d'Eu attended by Baron and Baroness de Lage and M. de Lisboa; their Royal Highnesses the Count de Paris, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, and the Duke d'Aumale, the Duke of Granada, the Marquis of Sligo, the Earl and Countess of Mountcharles, the Dowager Countess of Harrington Viscount Torrington, Viscount Falkland, Lady Rivers, Lord William Graham, Hon. W. H. Brand, Colonel the Hon. James Macdonald, Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., M.P., Sir Henry Des Vœux, Colonel Farquharson, Miss Byng, Mr. Byng, &c.

2. Her Majesty's.

"*Punchinello*;" "*The Lion and the Unicorn*."

3. Drury Lane.

"*Richelieu*;" "*Hop 'o my Thumb and his Eleven Brothers*."

If Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's plays are represented at long intervals only, it cannot be that such of them as are presentable at all in dramatic form lack merit or interest. "*The Lady of Lyons*," "*Money*," and "*Richelieu*" are in every sense works of sterling value—elegant in diction, dramatic in construction, entertaining in plot. It would appear that every now and then a revulsion takes place in the managerial mind towards some standard play, and then the fancy for the sensational and ephemeral gives way for something older and abler in the theatrical repertory. Much praise is due to the Drury Lane management for the completeness with which "*Richelieu*" has been placed on the stage, a completeness which is characteristic of Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton in all they do. The scenery is good, the dresses excellent, and the acting, on the whole, satisfactory. We like Mr. Phelps better in the part of *Richelieu* than in any other part we know—save and except perhaps *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*. Be the eulogium accepted in a restricted sense: we like Mr. Phelps better, because we find his acting in this part less traditional, constrained, stagey, and monotonous—because in fact in "*Richelieu*" he does not so offend by his exaggerated walk, and his long-drawled speech, and his evident self-satisfaction, as he does in "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," or "*Manfred*." The shrewdness and courage of the *Cardinal*, the intensity of his emotions and the decline of his physical powers, are well delineated by Mr. Phelps. Mrs. Herman Vezin is an intelligent *Julie* and the *Marion* of Miss Helen Howard won deserved favour. Mr. Henry Marston entered with great spirit into the part of *Barradas*; his by-play is capital. Deserving of commendation as acting with general judgment and discrimination are Messrs. Walter Lacy, Sinclair, and G. F. Neville. We trust "*Richelieu*" may keep the bills for some time: from the favour with which it is received there is little doubt of the popularity of the play or of the efficient acting which renders it attractive.

4. Princess's.

"*The Magic Horse and the Ice Maiden Princess*;" "*The Streets of London*."

5. Lyceum.

"*Simpson and Co.*;" "*The Roadside Inn*;" "*Two in the Morning*."

6. Haymarket.

"*Fish Out of Water*;" "*David Garrick*;" "*Lord Dundreary Married and Done For*;" "*Princess Springtime*;" "*A Day After the Wedding*."

The novelty of the past week has been the appearance of a *débutante*, Miss Blanche Aylmer, who has been playing in that farce beloved of amateurs and all inexperienced in the walk of the drama—"*A Day after the Wedding*." Miss Aylmer possesses some personal attractions, showing a pretty face and fine figure. Of her dramatic capacities we are as yet unprepared to speak, as her nervousness on the first appearance rather marred the effect which her *personnel* might have created; but an improvement was noticeable as Miss Aylmer warmed to her task, and as the first diffidence disappeared. We doubt not that time and a little experience will do much to fashion a creditable artist in Miss Blanche Aylmer. Mr. W. Farren played *Colonel Freelove* as ably as the part admitted. Mr. Braid as *Lord Rivers* was judicious. The other pieces keep the bills as before.

7. New Adelphi.

"*Ici on parle Français*;" "*Masks and Faces*;" "*Dark Doings in the Cupboard by the Knotting 'em Brothers*."

During the continued indisposition of Miss Bateman, a revival of "*Masks and Faces*" introduced Mr. Webster every night to the public—a ceremony which is welcome whenever repeated. The character of *Triplet* has lost none of its popularity, and *Peg Woffington* is ever enjoyable in Mrs. Stirling's hands. Mr. Ashley is a finished actor whom we are always glad to see in the cast; the importance he gave to an otherwise unimportant character in the "*Hunchback*" proves that he can be thrown away on no part as indeed no part is thrown away on him; and his *Sir Charles Pomander* is well sustained. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Billington are severally worthy of praise.

8. Olympic.

"*Hidden Hand*;" "*Cupid and Psyche*."

The performances at this theatre were on Monday night honoured with the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, and suite.

9. Strand.

"*The Wilful Ward*;" "*Milky White*;" "*The Grin Bushes*."

10. St. James's.

"*A Lesson in Love*;" "*Hercules and Omphale*;" "*Woodcock's Little Game*."

11. Astley's.

"*The Cricket on the Hearth*;" "*Jack Sprat*."

We beg to withdraw the remarks made in our journal of 14th ult., in reference to Mr. Hack, treasurer of this theatre, and which we regret, in so far as they might be supposed to reflect on Mr. Hack in his professional capacity. This we should be sorry to do, the remarks contained in the paragraph referred to having merely arisen out of a misunderstanding between Mr. Hack and our representative on that occasion, and having only a reference to a point of professional etiquette involved.

12. New Royalty.

"*Billing and Cooing*;" "*Snowdrop*;" "*Cousin Adonis*."

13. Sadler's Wells.

"*Macbeth*;" "*Sir Hugh Myddelton*."

14. Marylebone.

"*The Bronze Horse, or Harlequin and the Demon Gnome of the Silver Mine*;" "*The Mendicant Brother*."

15. Britannia.

"*Twenty Straws*;" "*Little Busy Bee*."

16. Victoria.

"*The Wrongs of Poland*;" "*Harlequin Baron Munchausen and the Mountains of the Moon*."

A drama of the kind now performing at this popular theatre is sure to please the audiences who nightly assemble within its walls. To Mr. L. Hasongs we are indebted for "The Wrongs of Poland," who has borrowed some of the ideas from a French drama, entitled "Les Cosaques." It is full of thrilling situations, and in a limited space exhibits the cruelties to which the Poles are subjected in their conflict with the Russians. It is well placed upon the stage, while the acting is all that is wished, the appearance of Messrs. Yarnold and Villiers being the signal for a continuous roar of laughter. Miss Daly represented *Renelga*, and Miss Morgan *Inez*, while to Messrs. Chamberlain, Vivash, and West were allotted the parts of *Captain Justinski*, *Count Scarrowiskoff*, and *Mouravieff*. The pantomime of "*Baron Munchausen*" concluded the evening'se ntertainment.

17. Pavilion.

"*St. George and the Dragon*."

18. Grecian.

"*Deborah, or the Jewish Outcast*;" "*Punch and Judy*."

19. Standard.

"*Dame Durden*."

20. City of London.

"*The King of the Golden Valley*;" "*The White Gipsy*."

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